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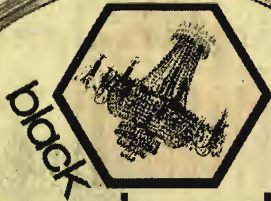
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Just admit it... SLUG Mag's retractions from last issue.
Okay we made a few fuck-ups in the last issue so here is the
list for what it's worth.

1) Public apology number one goes out to SLUG writer, James
Orme; sorry we forgot to add your by-line to last month's
cover story so none of your friends (including your hot
girlfriend) believed you when you bragged about authoring
such a bad-ass piece.
2) Public apology number two goes out to Peter Baxter
co-founder of Sundance Film Festival and Paul Rachman,
who is not a co-founder of Slamdance, as we so
confidently wrote.

SLUG Alumni: Shannon Froh, Camilla Taylor, Nate Martin,
Mark Scheering, Tyler Frobrun, MC Welk, Rachel Thompson,
Katie Maloney, Kevlar7, William Athey, Brian Staker.

SLUG MAG TURNS 17 ANOTHER YEAR. ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This year we celebrate SLUG's 17th Anniversary with a glimpse of
what the SLUG scene was like in the late 80s- the very scene that
birthed this rag you hold in your grubby hands. The February issue
is by no means an attempt at an all-inclusive story on the subject.
Our intention is to call attention to a handful of individuals who
pioneer the early music scene and helped to develop the strong
and vibrant counter-culture we are a part of today. Again, there are
many people who played a role in this feat; SLUG welcomes your
own personal stories and profiles for future issues.

Our 17th Anniversary also marks the release of Death By Salt II,
a double disc local music comp to be released at our big birthday
bash on March 3rd and 4th. I hope to see you all there.

Before I step off my soapbox, I'd like to thank each and every
business whose ads can be found between these pages. Keeping an
independent Zine alive is a tough job and we could not publish each
and every month if it weren't for their support. I encourage all of
you to visit these local businesses and help fund the scene you are
a part of. —Angela H. Brown/Editor

CONTRIBUTOR FEMLEIGHT



Jesika Medici: SLUG Office Coordinator

When she's not finding you the best price for the latest WuTang
import at her day job, or contemplating snack theft at her previous
job (think Reality Bites), you can find Jesika Medici hard at work in
her brand, spanning new position as SLUG Mag's Office Coordinator
(yes, this girl is to work as Ice Cubes are to trays). During her few
minutes of downtime, Jesika enjoys hobbies such as photography
(you can see for yourself at an upcoming exhibit), telekinesis
(mostly aimed at nudging people into the Gateway Mall fountain)
and using her tax return to fund her lust of all that is Dave Grohl
(she's a published author on the subject).

SLUG

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Dear Dickheads,

Dear Dickwads,
I never thought that I would write a letter like this, but...how many steaming piles of shit did you have to kick over to find that PRETENTIOUS GASH who reviews local CDs? I come from the starched collar, buttoned down school of journalism and I have to say that the blatant unprofessionalism displayed by Cindi (with an "i" what a PRETENTIOUS GASH) grossly degrades the journalistic integrity of the fine publication that SLUG magazine has always exemplified. I personally will seek out every CD that this fucking PRETENTIOUS GASH disses, because clearly she has no concept of style, class or grammar, what with her fucking run-on sentences and shit. I am seriously considering canceling my subscription to SLUG magazine if the vile spewings of verbiage from this PRETENTIOUS GASH continue to soil the pages of this literary icon!

-Dave McKean

Music consumer and concerned citizen would still hit it.

Listen fuckass, you're not the first in the long line of pussies with really shitty bands to submit half-assed recordings to SLUG only to have them ripped wide open like a bar bathroom abortion patient. Cry me a fucking saltwater flood like the rest and I will reply by noting the theory of social Darwinism in that terrible bands deserve to have terrible reviews in publications like SLUG, who don't give a shit about FAIR, BALANCED or YOU.

Dear Carrotheads,
hahaha...look I did what you did. I replaced the first part of your name and made it appear that you are a performer with the same name. That is so fuckin clever! Is that what took you fuckbags two months to post my article? Billy Crystal? Man that is fuckin genius! A poor feeble mind like my own could never come up with literary breakthroughs like the editor of slugmag does. They must be paying you shitloads. I mean an editor like you must be worth at least one, two thousand dollars a year. ASK FOR A RAISE. Oh shit better bust out the dictionary for this one...Avant-Garde... an intelligentsia that develops new or experimental concepts in the arts. Didn't know that one. Sorry my old man didn't pay my way through Journalism school. Only to see me end up editing some shit rag magazine and crying himself to sleep while thinking about all the money he wasted on my overprivileged ass. And what the fuck is "Harry met Sally"? Just wondering, I am not too up on my chick flicks. Anywho enough about you men. Women can't write. Why don't you comb the hair outta your eyes and pull DAVY HAVOKS dick out of your ass long enough to realize that you are wasting your life. Are you so scared of my intellectual superiority that you spin into denial? STOP cock blockin all the Pulitzers I should win and admit I fuckin rule! Your asshole quivers when you read my shit because it envies my asshole.

- BILLY (oh wait)JOHNNY CRYSTAL

Billy,
We at SLUG humbly apologize for the delay in printing your brilliant and insightful story. It's just that we had a big run of people sending us letters whining about how the scene isn't as radical as it used to be, and frankly, yours just slipped through the cracks. Think of it as a metaphor for your life. Your letter was generic, cliché and whined profusely about how kids aren't hardcore anymore. Judging from your tear-stained complaints, you should fit in with the people you talk about quite well. This means that you are probably dumb, without much interesting to say or do, and will likewise remain largely unnoticed by those who are up off their drunken asses and creating something. Blame it on the fact that you couldn't get into college.

Your magazine is vile and deleterious in the extreme, your subject matter is obnoxiously monotonous, your vulgarity is neither novel nor amusing--it's boring and reflects diminished minds--and you corrode the decency fibre of this nation, and you obviously serve Mammon, and the people you honor and glorify are Satanic. / Keith Moore / Salt Lake City

Keith,
I'm glad you found that thesaurus you were looking for. Was it underneath all your Live Action Role Playing membership papers? Or did your Lithuanian internet girlfriend Myspace you an online version? If so, she sent you the U.K. version because we spell it "fiber" in America. You know how boring you are, so I won't elaborate. Be glad you got your name in SLUG.

SLUG

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7:00 PM's 17th Anniversary Sale

Localized *Fundamentally, Totally Anti-Christian*

My interview approach is to go to the band's turf, so I can better represent who they really are – and to talk politics, have a beer and a smoke. Plus, I get to be exposed to something new in Salt Lake City, with my videographer, **Ron Johnson**, documenting everything. Instantly, I knew that this month's *Localized* would be a hit, because both headlining bands are fundamentally, totally anti-Christian! **When It Rains** are this month's opening act.

Yaotl Mictlan

Members:

Yaotl – Drums
Tzatecatl – Guitar/Vox
Aaj Ben – Bass/Vox
Xolotl – Guitar
Shadow Member – indigenous instruments

Yaotl Mictlan play “pre-Hispanic extreme-metal with lyrics about the indigenous cultures of the Americas.” Their aim is to raise awareness about attempted civilization-assassination by Christian invaders. I say “attempted” because though colonists destroyed most of the wisdom and history these great cultures accumulated, Yaotl Mictlan are making damn sure the teachings and beliefs of ancient civilizations are not forgotten. Yaotl Mictlan are one of only a few bands in the US actively promoting this “indigenous movement” through blast beats,

mega-heavy guitars and the instruments of the Mayan, Aztec and Inca civilizations.

SLUG: Is anyone else in Salt Lake doing anything similar to what you guys are doing?

YM: No not really, we're one of the only bands in the country who does this music with this message.

Yaotl Mictlan have a new record due out this month on Mexico City's **American Line Records**. Onstage, Yaotl Mictlan give the audience the meaning of each song in both

English and Spanish. Do yourself a favor, go to *Localized* and bang your head to some knowledge, son.

FUN FACTS

- Aztecs recorded their history and knowledge of math and science in books called *Codices*, which were burned by Christian assholes!
- Yaotl Mictlan means “warriors from the land of the dead,” and comes from an ancient Aztec language called **Nahuatl**!
- A member of Yaotl Mictlan had the same cell-phone ring as me and it freaked me the fuck out!

Pagan Dead

Members:

Hades – Frenzied Slap Double Bass/Goetic Screams
Hecate – VooDoo Death Beat
Anubis – Six String Strangler 666

I met the Pagan Dead and was greeted with a can of **Icehouse** (which was surprisingly cold, considering I was in Hades' and Hecate's lair). Then we puffed some skull and told **Jesus** jokes! In 2001, Hades, Hecate and some guitar guy got together with the “idea of mixing psychobilly with dark lyrics and dark music.” About a year and a half ago, Anubis staked his rightful claim as dark-guitar dude, and since then they have been un-fuckable-with. A new single will have an awesomely amazing cover, inspired by one of Anubis' dreams. I would tell you more, but I don't like to spoil surprises. Just know is that it is called “Jesus Mortis” and “the cover is going to be anti-Christian and brutal as fuck.”

If you like the occult and references to obscure horror movies, pick up the

SLUG
Localized
Urban Lounge,
Friday
February 10th.



new Pagan Dead album, out this month on Texas-based label **Psychobilly U.S.** The Pagan Dead are “Pure fuckin’ hell,” “Pure fuckin’ Armageddon,” and “Not for pussies ... if you don't like it, don't fuckin’ listen to it.”

www.pagandeadd.com

FUN FACTS

- Hades and Hecate are, like totally going out and have a nine-year-old hellhound named Dixie.
- Hades has a panther painted on a big piece of wood that he bought at *Wizards and Dreams* 10 years ago.
- Anubis is a chef at a fine-dining establishment and enjoys whiskey and Coke when it's time to “fuckin’ yup ... relax.”
- While on tour, Pagan Dead bought tequila and cheap beer in Mexico, went to an island, had a bonfire and shot a fuckin’ pistol.

Soccer Dad & the People in your Neighborhood *True* Tales of an SLC Cabbie

Episode #12: *Oh Yeah, About That Cherry Tree...*

By, The Incredulous Gadianton

vidic66@hotmail.com

Ok, I have a confession to make. I many times will lie about myself to taxi passengers in an attempt to garner better tips. For instance, I many times say that I'm a struggling college student. People are suckers for struggling college students. I usually say that I'm an English major and a future high school teacher, which I actually was before I dropped out during my junior year at the U a few years back. In addition, I many times will lie to create commonality with a passenger's specific beliefs or ideals. Sometimes, this merely means agreeing with them on a point that I vehemently disagree with. Sometimes, this means pretending to be a Mormon and/or a Christian and/or a Republican and/or a capitalist. It may be soul-sucking at times, but it usually beats the hell out of telling people that I've basically given up on a success-driven life and that I'm actually merely driving taxis in an attempt to keep a roof over my head and to stay reasonably comfortable while I wait to die (an event that probably won't come for fifty more years—at the very soonest).

Anyway, sometimes I lie too much and I end up creating a weird faux-bond with somebody and then they feel the need to give me their card. If I were to rifle through my ample stack of cards (I keep them all in a pile), I would find a huge chunk of cards from **Usana** representatives. In case you don't know, Usana isn't just the name of the amphitheater; it's a Utah-based company that sells vitamins and supplements and such. And it's set up kind of like **Amway** or something. While their worldwide convention was in town, I drove around many of their 'independent business people'. And I would feign interest while they would expound upon their pyramid-scheming cult in hopes that they would tip me well. **They usually didn't.** Mostly they would just take pity on me (only a wayfaring bastard would drive a taxi cab, after all) and ask me how I would feel about making a whole fuckload of money selling their fabulous health products. The thickness of their chunk is only rivaled by the cards of **Xango** reps.

Xango is another Utah-based company. It's centered around a health drink made from the rinds of some exotic fruit in Asia or something. And, apparently, it makes you feel great, makes you think great, makes you fuck great—the works. The Xangoids were even more enthusiastic than the Usanans in their fervor and devotion for selling their beloved product. And they loved to give out their business cards to a potential underling like myself. You want to know the weirdest part about it, though? Not a single one of 'em gave me a sample of their miracle elixir.

How the hell am I supposed to sell something that I've never even tried? Oh well.

The third largest chunk of cards belongs to those of **Pentecostal** preachers and pastors. Did you know that they held their national convention here at **The Delta Center** a couple of summers ago? Yeah, twenty thousand holy rollers in one place. One of those particular business cards, that of **Reverend Dirk Goodsell** of **Life Ministries** in **Birmingham, Alabama**, makes me question my deceptions. Sort of.

I had driven Pentecostals to and from The Delta Center for hours and it was almost 10 PM when I picked up Rev. Goodsell and his family. He sat shotgun and his wife and two small children sat in back. He asked to go to **Dee's**. We got to chatting and I found myself sticking to the story that I had been using all night—that I was a born-again Christian, that I was a struggling college student (of course), that my girlfriend hadn't been saved yet and that I was thinking about bringing her to the big revival on Saturday night to get her saved. Selling this bullshit to a bunch of overweight Christians that couldn't walk their fat asses two blocks had definitely netted me some extra cash.

After I had given the Reverend my story, he informed me that he was one of the organizers of the event and that he would love to have my girlfriend and me as his personal guests up on the podium Saturday night. How nice. He then proceeded to tell me his life story, how he had been addicted to crack and how he had found **Jesus**. It was a story that I had heard similar versions of before, but there was sincerity and honesty in his demeanor that was so ridiculously naked and strong, I almost felt like coming to **Jesus** myself. He almost cried when he spoke of his love for his wife and his children. And he did cry when he spoke of his love for his hundreds of parishioners. As I dropped him and his family off at Dee's, he handed me a fifty dollar bill and told me that he loved me. And he meant it. It's hard to think of a time when I felt more like a total dick.

So yes, dear reader, I am a sinner. I have born (and probably will continue to bear) false witness against my neighbors. It's all part of the hustle those of us born without rich parents get to swim in. Oh, and sloth—gotta have sloth. And yes, school is going well, thanks for asking; only three semesters left. Those student loans are sure going to be a bane to pay off, though....



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Southern By the Grace of American Goth

By James Orme

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, children of all ages! Step inside and see things that will astound and amaze you. See the unnatural combination of gut-bucket blues, holy-rolling gospel, and the oddest forms of folk music known to man, all attacked with tenacity that has never been seen before! Come on in and see **The Legendary Shack Shakers!**

Lead singer, songwriter and harmonica virtuoso **Col. JD Wilkes** fronts this amalgamation that pushes the limits of American roots music. Their new record *Pandelarium* debuts February, and even though guitarist **David Lee** was the victim of a hit-and-run on his bicycle last Friday the 13th, the band is ready to hit the road this spring. I put in a call to the good Colonel and we discussed everything from sideburns to secret societies.

SLUG: How's David Lee doing after his accident?

JD: He's doing a lot better now. He's got a temporary dental plate, he's had 40 stitches and his lip is so swollen it looks like he's had collagen injections, but he's bouncing back. No concussion, no broken bones and his bike was fine, so the Lord was looking out for him.

SLUG: He was hit Friday the 13th. Are you superstitious person?

JD: I guess a little bit, yeah, I have some superstitions. I think that being



a somewhat religious person makes you that way. I've seen too many weird things that people would dismiss as coincidences, but I don't believe in that. I think there's something at work in the world. I think there's something to the zodiac, and I think there's something to old wives' tales and things. It's passed down over generations, and you accumulate knowledge over the centuries. Why would you dismiss that, just because some authority figure told you that? I mean, I take it one superstition at a time, and try to see if it's true or not. It's not all true, but some of it is.

SLUG: How did you get into roots music like blues, folk and country?

JD: It was through my dad's record collection, and he liked to listen to public radio. They had these old blues shows, but I never took to pop music or rap. The only thing that made me feel anything was gospel and blues-based music. I just didn't relate to the identity of the 80s, so when I started digging around for something else I discovered his **Muddy Waters**

and **Lighting Hopkins** records.

SLUG: Why do you think the blues is still relatively unknown to people?

JD: No one will accept the blues unless it's been repackaged as some sort of yuppie reinvasion, or it's got to be something from **Fat Possum** or **John Spencer**. That's the only way people can take it; it's got to be some good-looking guy with a hair-do. You could say the Shack Shakers are the same thing, but anyone who sits down and talks music with me, I'll tell them not to buy a Shack Shakers record if they want to dig back further into that stuff. I know that's sacrilegious when I'm trying to promote our new record, but I don't care.

SLUG: How did you get into playing the harmonica?

JD: My granddad gave me a harmonica. It was one of those double-reed kinds that sounds more like an accordion, and they're kind of hard to play – impossible to play blues on, but I learned the basics on that when I was 16. Then I started listening to **Junior Wells** and **Little Walter**. I just listened to everything, and I didn't just listen to harmonica players, I listened to guitar players, saxophone players, anything that spoke to me musically. The whole notion for me is to not sound like a harmonica. I want it to sound like an organ.

SLUG: Since you don't fall into one musical genre, what do you call your music?

JD: Because it draws from so many different roots, it's similar to America in that it has many different blood lines, so I call it "American gothic." It's all music, born out of pain and traditions. Roots music is born out of suffering, and it's part of the healing process. The best music in the world is part of that healing process. America is made up of people who are haunted and running from something, and who have all these great musical traditions that they bring with them. I think the Shack Shakers try to take from all of those influences and bring them together.

SLUG: Do you consider yourselves part of the rockabilly and psychobilly scenes?

JD: We have an upright bass and we have a rockabilly look to us, and the whole rockabilly movement is based on looks and based on a fetish. A lot of people in that movement don't know who **Charlie Feathers** is, or **Johnny Burnett** – probably the best proponents of the music they're oblivious to, because they come at it from a **Hot Topic** point of view. They don't know what they're missing, so they like us because of David Lee's tattoos or my sideburns. They're not all that way; I've had great musical conversations with folks you might think are shallow, but they're not.

SLUG: How did you come by your "Colonel" moniker?

JD: You're sort of nominated in secret by fellow colonel. It's an honorary society of southern gentlemen that have been recognized for some sort of achievement, and I was nominated. I just play it up more than most. **Colonel Tom Parker** (Elvis's manager) was a Louisiana colonel. They were the bodyguards of the governor back in the early 1800s, and then they became a secret society, but now they're more like a charitable organization. I have plans to form my own offshoot of the Kentucky Colonels, like a secret society with my own rituals and things – but I might get stripped of my title that way.

The Legendary Shack Shakers bring realism to their American gothic. Funeral marches, murder ballads and lots of music that has been ignored and deemed dead has found new life and intense energy on Shack Shakers records. Their new release, *Pandelarium*, is no different, and will be out February 7th. Their legendary live show will be opening for **The Reverend Horton Heat** March 3rd at **The Depot**.

The Legendary Shack Shakers
opening for
The Reverend Horton Heat
March 3rd
The Depot

PUNK ROCK

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ENVELOPE

Jeanette Moses
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SAVED

My

life



Twin Sisters Sandra and Janet Discuss a Punk Scene Passed

"If it hadn't been for the punk scene, I'd probably be married with five kids and living in Ogden," 30-something **Janet** tells me over breakfast at the *Park Café*. Her twin sister **Sandra** laughs because she knows just how true her sister's bold statement is. Today the two sisters are just as heavily involved in the Salt Lake City music scene as they were when they were 16 years old, and they don't look like they will be leaving it anytime soon.

In 1989, the sisters were living in Ogden, which they both describe as the Mecca of heavy metal at the time. "Everyone in our school was metal then, except for about two kids, and I was one of them," Janet says. "They'd follow me home and throw rocks at my house and shit." Eventually she gave in and started listening to bands like **Stryper** and **White Snake**.

Amy Dillion, one of Sandra's friends, was one of the first people in Ogden to cross over to punk. "That's when I started coming to a lot of shows," Sandra tells me. "Eventually it got to the point where I had more friends in Salt Lake than I did in Ogden. I moved out of my parents' house at 15 and down to Salt Lake."

Once Sandra started going to shows in Salt Lake she began harassing her sister to come down too. "Sandra took me to see **Voy Vot** as *The Speedway* on our sixteenth birthday. After that, I realized that Salt Lake was where I wanted to be because that was where the music was happening," says Janet. She moved to Salt Lake shortly afterwards.

At this point Sandra was living in the back room of *The Word*, located inside the Positively 4th Street building, with then-boyfriend **JR Ruppel**. "There were a lot of people living in that building then, and the roaches were huge!" Sandra says.

Neither of the girls were working at the time, and they spent their days hanging out at *Raunch Records*, also in Fourth Street, listening to music. "That's how I discovered a lot of bands. Every day **Brad Collins** would be throwing on new records for us to listen to," Janet says.

Although the scene had changed a lot since the mid-80s when bands like **Black Flag**, **GBH** and **Subhumans** were playing, it wasn't dead. By the time *SLUG* was being published, the punk scene in Salt Lake was much more accessible. "I was going to see several bands a week," Janet tells me. "I remember one time when **Tad** was playing at *The Word* and **Fugazi** at *The Speedway* on the same night. We spent the night running back and forth to catch both shows."

The local music scene was alive and kicking as well. "The local bands kicked ass," Sandra says. Bands like **Victims Willing**, **Stench**, **Maimed for Life**, **Boxcar Kids** and **Dinosaur Bones** played shows constantly at *The Word* and *The Speedway*. Janet and Sandra were in a band called **Boy Wonder**; Sandra played drums and Janet played bass. Janet also played in **Casa Diablo** and Sandra in a few unnamed projects. The scene was a movement for everyone then, not just the twenty-one-and-older crowd. Every show the girls wanted to see was being held at *The Speedway* or *The Word*.

Much like today, the parking lot before the show was half of the experience. "There was a lot of drinking going on and vitamin A being passed around," Janet says. "I remember one piece of paper in particular, floating around with woodstock on it. That was good."

The sisters continue to reminisce about the

parking lot. "Do you remember that creepy guy?" Sandra asks Janet.

"Oh yeah, the one skinhead who told you that you'd make beautiful white children, and so you spit on him? He was creepy." They both laugh, remembering Sandra's encounter with the Nazi skin.

Inside the venues were cement floors and walls. *The Word* had some of the same design flaws that *Lo-Fi Café* and *Kilby* have today. "There was this big annoying post in the room. I hated that thing. It was right in front of the stage," Janet says.

"I loved that post," Janet's husband **Rick** says. "It kept me standing most nights."

The bathrooms were as disgusting then as they are now. "They looked like a bomb of swiss cheese," Sandra tells me. "The toilets were always broken and the walls covered in holes from kids punching through them. Eventually, JR put screws behind the drywall, so that when kids would punch through it, they'd get a fistful of nails."

Having the look of a punk rocker wasn't nearly as important as it is today. "I did most of my shopping at the shows. I was very conscious, even then, of the fact that buying band merchandise would help pay for their food and transportation. That's how they were living," Sandra says. No one was wearing 90-dollar pants from **Lip Service** or paying to get their lip pierced. If you wanted a piercing, you had to do it yourself, because the shops just didn't exist. *ASI* was the only tattoo shop - if you were looking for something better than a sewing needle and ink could provide. Janet holds up her hand to reveal what looks like nothing more than a black dot. I later learn that it is supposed to be a peace sign.

"This was the result of a pint of tequila and a homemade gun. It's a piece of shit," She tells me.

There were just as many cliques and factions in the scene then as there are now, but there was no real fighting between the cliques. The idea of unity was able to prevail even when the scene was just like high school but without the homework, teachers or classrooms. Without unity it would have never been able to function. "Punk is really controlled chaos; without unity, someone could get seriously hurt. Especially with all the stage-diving and slam-dancing going on," Janet says. "But even the atmosphere of the pits have changed; today you are a lot more likely to get punched in the face than you were when we first got involved."

Punk has always been somewhat male-dominated, and Sandra and Janet were a part of the handful of girls that were heavily involved in the scene at the time. "It was really easy to get laid, being one of the few girls around," Sandra jokes. They both agree that it was a good position to be in (no pun intended).

Most of the fighting that went on then happened amongst the cliques. The sisters inform me of a game that was once played at *The Speedway*, called "Rationalize the Skinhead." Basically, what would happen was a skinhead and a non-skinhead would sit down and have a debate about their beliefs. The skinhead would almost always end up getting pissed, and when the non-skinhead would refuse to fight, the angry skin would end up fighting one

of his buddies. "The fighting between the skins really was the beginning of the end, though," Sandra tells me. "They really kind of ruined it for everyone."

Once the Aryan-nation skinheads started coming down from Idaho to see shows, the trouble really started. Transients in the areas around the venues were being badly beaten up, and even killed - which is what caused the scene to start to die away. "I remember one time being at *The Word* at about three in the morning, and a bum showed up. A show had been going on at *The Speedway* that same night, and this guy's face was just split wide open. We didn't have a phone or anything at *The Word*, and so one of our friends ended up running to call the guy an ambulance. He didn't even want one, but he needed one badly. Stuff like this was happening constantly," Janet tells me. "After that, the city took action, and soon all the venues were being closed down." On top of the venues being shut down, alcohol and entertainment laws changed. Shows had to start ending sooner, mini-bottles and kegs were taken away and brown bagging was made illegal. The same problems that started to kill the scene at that time are killing it now. Violence and fighting at shows only results in venues not wanting to host punk shows - or being shut down altogether. Over a decade ago, Nazis were beating up transients. Today, punks beat them up for asking for change, when before they were panhandling money to get into shows.

Today both Sandra and Janet are still involved in the music scene that once acted as their replacement family. Both women still remain friends with the people they met through their involvement in the punk scene. Sandra is the proud mother of two children, but still manages to find time to go out and support the local music scene. She always buys her tickets for shows, even when she knows she can probably get in for free. She refuses to burn CDs for her friends, and the majority of her music collection consists of local bands that have come and gone. Sandra is a strong believer that the punk scene saved her, and she wants her kids to be involved in it too. Her 10-year-old son's favorite band is **Gogol Bordello** and he has already attended multiple shows, while her four-year-old daughter loves the **Ramones**. "It is really important for me that my kids get the proper punk-rock education; not only the music, but also the whole concept of unity - the concept of freedom and activism - just everything that defines the mindset of punk. The mindset is more important than the clothing, or even what bands you're listening to," she tells me.

Janet is married and currently playing music in 80s cover bands, because, according to her, they pay much better than originals ever would. Janet, like her sister, still finds time to see as many local shows as possible. "I actually just bought all of the **Furr Bats**' albums. They had them all for sale at their show at *Urban* so I just got them all," she says.

Currently the two sisters are working on getting a band off the ground, but they are still in need of a drummer. "The studio where we have been working is about where the old back room of *Raunch* was in the *Positively Fourth Street* building. It's pretty cool playing there," Sandra says.

By the time Sandra and Janet had discovered the punk scene, many would say it was already dead, but as Sandra was quick to say, "It wasn't dying, it was just evolving."

THE SPEEDWAY CAFE

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MINORS WELCOME

By Dan Nailen nailen@sltrib.com

Let's take a step back in time, just for a moment, to the late 80s in Salt Lake City. Specifically, a little cement box of a building called *The Speedway Café*, an indestructible all-ages concert enclave that served as one nexus of the "local music scene" at the time, but served no food despite its name.

This was an era before anything "alternative" was seen as commercially viable, so the private clubs in town weren't exactly competing to book, say, a **Danzig** show on Friday the 13th (tickets only \$6.66), a **Butthole Surfers/Warlock Pinchers** double-bill or **FIREHOSE's** latest Salt Lake stop.

The Speedway had the perfect-sized space for a generous array of bands that came through. Bands that played there included industrial noisemakers (**Ministry**, **Nine Inch Nails**), punk stalwarts (**Circle Jerks**, **G.B.H.**, **Social Distortion**), rising stars (**Jesus and Mary Chain**, **Living Colour**, **Soundgarden** and the **Screaming Trees** together for just \$3), one-hit wonders (**The Sundays**) and never-gonna-bes (probably three acts on every four-band bill). And *The Speedway* had a BYOB "bar" where the folks 21 and older, or with a good enough fake ID, could drink during a show.

Most imbibers drank in the parking lot, though – a hidden stretch of cement at the corner of 500 West and 500 South, underneath a viaduct and out of view of decent society. I was hired to work security at *The Speedway* as an 18-year-old in 1989, and one of my primary tasks was to wander the parking lot telling tipplers to "drink in the bar or drink in your car" – so the venue wouldn't get in trouble on the rare chance a cop might drive by. There's nothing quite as, um, "exhilarating" for a solo teenager recently arrived from Ogden than approaching a dozen or so racist skinheads in the parking lot and telling them where they should or shouldn't drink before going inside and picking fights.

My *Speedway* experiences began a couple years before I worked there, and happened when I needed it most. After moving to Ogden from the Midwest in the middle of my high school years, I was one miserable, culturally shocked bastard about a year into my Utah residence. Then some new friends turned me on to the *Speedway Café*, the *Painted Word*, *Rauch Records*, *Cinema in Your Face*, *The Blue Mouse* – all monumental

signs of intelligent life, culture and art less than an hour away!

Soon thereafter, weekend trips to Salt Lake inevitably included going to a show at *The Speedway*. It hardly mattered who was playing, either. The **Day-Glo Abortions** are headlining? Okay. **Psychic TV's** on tap? Fine. **Fishbone's** in the house? Fuck, yeah!

My first *Speedway* show was either late 1987 or early 1988: **Camper Van Beethoven**. I squeezed my way to the front and nearly deafened myself. If there is one night I can look at as a 34-year-old and say it determined where I am right now in my life, it has to be that night at the *Speedway Café*.

Shows like that Camper Van Beethoven gig, among the dozens I was fortunate enough to see in the *Speedway's* last couple years in existence, turned my interest in music into an obsession. It showed me that being a music fan didn't necessarily mean liking the stuff on the top of the charts, or **MTV** or commercial radio. It showed me there was a whole "underground" of like-minded people who supported independent bands and venues. It showed me that the best music sometimes comes from an unknown opening act on a four-band bill. Best of all, it showed me that really isn't a wall between artists and fans – you could hang out and chat with the bands after the show.

Hanging on the wall of my house is an autographed set list from a 1989 **FIREHOSE** show at the *Speedway*, along with a bass string **Mike Watt** broke during the set. I snared that off the stage during a brief moment when I wasn't hanging on to one of the band's monitors for dear life, while hundreds of folks pushed and prodded in front of the stage. My ticket stub from the show is there, too, with its bottom line: "Warning – stage-diving and slamming cause injuries." You'll note those activities aren't forbidden; the *Speedway* just wanted to make sure ticket holders knew they "assume any and all risks" when they entered, as it says elsewhere on the same ticket.

Speedway shows always seemed like a risk worth taking to me.

Dan Nailen is the pop music writer at *The Salt Lake Tribune*.

SLTRIB

LocalCd Reviews

By
Cindi
Robinson

Stiletto

Lovely and Lousy

Recorded by Andy Patterson, mastered by Dave Payne

Stiletto = Glass Candy's eccentric-ness + Alanis Morissette's volume - Canada + L-7's attitude + Heavens to Betsy's trash

I can't help but love **Stiletto**. Maybe it's the riot grrl in me, or the fact that these girls can actually play riot and kick ass doing so. They may not be the most amazing act you've ever heard, but they've got soul and sass in their tunes, qualities that seems to be at a loss in current music. Super-trashy stoner garage riffs and lusty, wailing vocals make me addicted like **Shudder to Think** does. Not that **Stiletto** sounds anything like **Shudder to Think**, but they deliver the same unpopular, uncomfortable, shrill rock sound that's like an itch you can't stop scratching. It's just too good to stop. **Lovely and Lousy** has solid, simple punk-rock songs that never get tired and reel you in with sultry, raw, rockin' grooves and pure organic energy. **Stiletto** sounds like the players actually like being in the band. This quality is the number-one thing I search for in any addition to my music collection. **Julie Stutznegger** (singer/songwriter) wrote a lovely, bare-bones record complemented by equally inspired band mates, including **SLUG**'s own **Rebecca Vernon** on drums (and, currently, **Cathy Fox** from the **Downers**). I especially like "Drownout" and "Red Line," which are the stoniest of the bunch, but overall I dig all of these tracks and can't wait to hear their recent spread, as I've heard they're 30 percent heavier. www.stilettorocks.com

Fifteen Minute Layover

Your Hearts Advice EP

Recorded by: James Gove

Fifteen Minute Layover = coffee-shop ambience + acoustic guitar - coffee fans + open-mic nights

From our neighboring keg-tapping state Wyoming (almost local), this guitar/drummer two-piece would sound best live in a latte-sipping coffee shop where customers are too busy surfing the net, reading poetry or socializing to concentrate on the complimentary musical ambience. Sadly, **Fifteen Minute Layover** doesn't sound great on this recording. The singer is sweet and honest, but vocally undeveloped and the acoustic guitar tones sound good enough, but don't do enough for the simple songwriting. I can't even remember hearing drums, but they're here, hidden underneath the equally unmemorable, sub-par dinky tracks. To top it off, the vocal mix and the guitars repel off each other rather than gel together, which instantly turned me off. Sorry, but the only way I would check out this band is if I was stuck in a 15-minute layover and had nothing else to do. They have a rough-draft start and I wish them better luck on their next record. www.myspace.com/fifteenminutelayover

Jinn

Erased

Recorded by Adam Harmon, mastered by Eval 3 and DJ Matt at Remission Studio

Jinn = Thrill Kill Cult + NIN - genius + Short Circuit

Heavily inspired by **Trent Reznor** (especially the vocals), horror movies, a little **Mad Max**, old school hard-core and **Tricky**, **Jinn** is invigorating and unexpectedly unique to SLC, although not necessarily the industry. Head songwriter **Adam Harmon** has tasty, seductive writing skills and a delicious, bright, sparkly ear for samples and loops, erecting some *Master-of-the-Universe* robotic, techno-driven, industrial-adrenaline tracks that captivate me. The vocals, shared by three, complement with an array of **Reznor**-style progressions from soft, feeble notes to all-out-war decibel aggression. They're

refreshingly ballsy and fun, not iconoclastic but deserving a future. The recording composition could use a level boost on the low-end mix for a more monstrous impact, but that's a taste issue. The playing is also shy of **Reznor** caliber, yet **Jinn** is an awesome local collective that needs only to beef up the performance to compete within their market. www.jinnmusic.com

Dead Beats

Recycled Obituaries

Recorded by Camden Chamberlain at Kitefishing Studios

Rain Cloud Records

Dead Beats = *Nightmare Before Christmas* + **Portishead** - ethereal female leads + **Slint**

Shit yeah! I finally received an interesting, obscure acid record that musically kicks my ass. I give all the props on this release to **DJ Shanty** who wrote these flawless songs and scrumptious hooks. He unquestionably rules as the master of ceremonies with these **Danny Elfman**-inspired **Massive Attack**-style

licks. They're a savory mix of **Andy Smith's** (**Portishead**) select scratching and **Harmony Korine's** (director of **Gummo**, kids) **Slint**-style sound-tracking. **Shanty** is arousing, but the vocals don't quite make the grade. They're flowing but static, as these three MCs don't match the versatility of the beats. If the vocals kept up with the alluring composition, **Dead Beats** would dominate and impregnate the masses. If they ripped off the accustomed condom and bare-boned these beats, this could be my next favorite band.

Pioneerzz

Compilation

Recorded by 17 different people

Pioneerzz = an excellent example of a developing SLC culture - experience and clout + positive direction - L.A. (thankfully)

Since I cannot righteously represent all 17 artists on this compilation, I'll write the most basic overview of my experience. All in all, this is an

agreeable collection of what is going on in SLC rap. I'm impressed, mostly, by the quality of hip-hop engineering, not necessarily in the quality of our developing rap movement. SLC is still a bit behind the times, but desperate to claim distinction and I hope "we" eventually reign. Groups that shine from the rest are **Synthesis**, who at least have interesting industrial grooves, **Krucial Keys**, who sound the most professional and experienced of the slew, **Vivid**, who adds some acid jazz to the ear (but is not strong enough to stand alone) and **Abnorml ft. NAB**, who are cliché, but solid-good cliché. **Pioneerzz** also has their choice white-boys, like **The Body** and some **Eminem/Dre** throw-ups like the **Coleones**, yet genuinely comes off as a positive illustration of what's out there. www.utahhiphop.com

Synthesis

Phree Cognition

Recorded by Phaust and Phingaz

Synthesis = Industrial + hip-hop - ingenuity

Although I did like their single on the **Pioneerzz** compilation, 27 tracks of the same industrial-slanted hip-hop renditions get tiring and irritating shortly into the record. **Synthesis** is an acceptable example of experimental rap, but not experimental enough to set them apart from the masses. This dynamic duo coagulates well with each other as **Phingaz** lays down the beats and **Phaust** churns out the vocal flow, but they produce jams that have a short shelf-life. The two do have potential if they stick it through together, but at this time they seem half-baked. These 27 songs are overbearing as a release and repetitive in audio fruition. Do a tight, concentrated record and we'll see. www.myspace.com/synthesis



Glitter Gutter

A psychotic candyland full of glam glitz, trashy pop, new wave, post-everything, retrofuturisms and distorted beauty
From the broken mind of ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com



His Name Is Alive *Detrola*

Silver Mountain
Street: 01.24.06

His Name Is Alive = 4ad + Stephin Merritt

In recent years, **Warren Defever** adopted the sort of soul groove you'd expect to find from an **Om Records** release, but decidedly out of place when placed next to HNIA's atmospheric roots. Blame it on claustrophobia, trying to keep a step ahead of the critical acclaim and the ever reshaping of their record label 4ad; which seemingly became lost in the wash of trying to evolve when they would have been better suited to stick to their guns. It wasn't that these R&B influenced recordings were horrible; in fact they were quite good, but that was no consolation to long-time fans who were disinterested in seeing their experimental dream-pop go astray (dare I say mainstream?). Still, there was something missing. The quality hadn't died but the importance of HNIA slipped away. They simply weren't pertinent anymore. Then in 2005, the *Raindrops Rainbow E.P.* surfaces, sans 4ad but an apparent return to the sound which brought them attention in the first place. *Detrola* is an eclectic mix of everything that has come before, which is exactly as a HNIA album should be. It retains its soul while resurrecting the awkward punches of pop, jazz fills, electronic grooves and occasional ethereal refrain, putting it somewhere on the shelf by **The Magnetic Fields** and Stephin Merritt's sporadic side projects. For the old fans who were disenchanted, long-time loyalists and newcomers, *Detrola* is perfectly matched. I guess, in this case, you can please everyone.

Sing-Sing Sing-Sing & I *Ariel/Reincarnate* Street: 02.14.06

Sing-Sing = Lush's dreaminess – Miki's venom + wistful thinking

Sometimes you have to revisit an album to really grasp how you feel about it. Originally *Sing-Sing & I* was self-released by **Emma Anderson** (Lush) and **Lisa O'Neill** on their imprint Ariel, and although it featured some catchy numbers, it didn't steal my attention. Having now been picked up by Reincarnate for mass distribution in the US, I return to the album and to my pleasant surprise there's more here than I previously thought. "Modern Girl" remains a dream pop classic and the subtle hooks of "When I Was Made," sugary girl pop of "I Do," the summer's sway of "Come, Sing Me a Song" and all the little electronic textures provided by producer **Mark Van Hoen (Locust)** only reinforce the truth: *Sing-Sing & I* is an exquisite sleeper that seduces you with the kind of magic that threatens to make the love last forever.

Vervein *The Weather Inside* Scenery Street: 12.08.05

Vervein = 90s shoegazer + a vacuum

At times this female foursome deliciously casts allusions to the chaotic distorted pop of **My Bloody Valentine**, **The Jesus & Mary Chain**, **Lush**, **Sonic Youth** and **Smashing Pumpkins** without coming on like plagiarists. At times they muse on a melancholy star and the grandeur is stripped back to the point of monotony. It has nothing to do with tempo but everything to do with the layering. Placing the hollow sounding "Overlook" after "Code Orange" and "Walkie Talkie" seems criminal. Fortunately there is enough evidence of great intentions in "Ghost Outside," "Pelican," and "I Will Say" to acquit them. Best listened to at a ridiculously loud noise level.

Clearlake Amber Domino Street: 01.24.06

Clearlake = Gene + The Doves

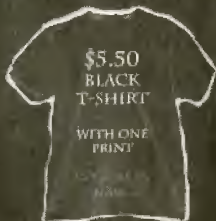
Clearlake's last full-length, *Cedars*, was solid. **Amber** blows it away. Forget about the soft punches, this time they're throwing bare knuckled, and like The Doves they do it with a swagger and a bounce that skillfully keeps their songs intimate and stadium-worthy. Granted they aren't the staccato pop of **Franz Ferdinand** or the generic epic balladry that has become **Coldplay**; they're somewhere between, and while this may keep them from having massive radio breakthroughs, it ensures them massive critical acclaim and one can only hope that the masses are smart enough to listen this time around. Not that they're perfect; they trip up a bit with the slower numbers like "Amber," and "I Dreamt that You Died" which come across as watered down throwaways, but considering those are the only two glaring deficiencies on the album, its hard to be overly critical. At this point it's not a big bandwagon, and may never be, but it should be and that's why I'm jumping on now.

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MODUS



by amy spencer
oneamyseven@kommandzero.net

Exillon
The Keening Dithers
Ad Noiseam
Street: 01.21
Exillon = Boards of Canada + Autechre

A musician can easily win my heart by reworking a classic as long as they do it well. In the way **Beefcake** glitched out **Rachmaninoff**, Exillon does the same to **Beethoven's** "Moonlight Sonata," or as he calls it, "Moonlight Sinatra." This second release of Exillon and his first on Ad Noiseam is a groove-filled journey through delicate and crisp IDM with contrasting bassy textures. Funky static waves on "Aliasing" open *The Keening Dithers*, clicking through a Boards of Canada-style melody. Shifting from electronics to guitar on "Now You'll Never Know" adds a new flavor with a trippy bassline; sampling that could be **Johnny Cash's** spoken word makes this track stand out from the rest of the electronic blur. The momentum builds in the first half of *The Keening Dithers*, but tapers and gets lost somewhere after "Horn of Jericho (Exillon remix)," transcending with beat slinging and randomness. Listening to the album on headphones, the sounds become distinguished and captivating in its obscure brokenness. Exillon is the kind of IDM that doesn't have sad undertones and is a ray of sunshine for the genre.

Suicide Commando
Godsend/Menschenfresser
Metropolis (Digital-only release)
Street: 11.25
Suicide Commando = Dennis Radar + Terror EBM

I mentioned before that this is a "digital-only release" from Metropolis, but it is actually available from **Dependent Records** as an import. The art is cool, but typical, and as expected, **Suicide Commando** isn't doing anything new. But with such an addictive sound, and being the leader of the hellektro or whatever-you-want-to-call-it genre, it is hard to resist the tension of the growling vocals and the ready-to-dance, four-on-the-floor beats. "Godsend" pumps out the blood-splatter session with samples of a serial killer confession - I'm guessing it is Dennis Radar, the **BTK Killer**, because the next full-length is called "Bind Torture Kill." It's stereotypical for this genre to have a serial-killer tone, but some things don't get old. Remixes from **God Module**, **Agonoize** and **Reaper** readily remix into even more dance-floor destruction with stompy, crunchy hits and stabbing melodies. **Suicide Commando** fans are nearing the tired stage if they haven't hit it already. This terrorEBM stuff is still strong in my collection and it may be a guilty pleasure, but I really love this stuff.



PERANDI

A POST-APOCALYPTIC
WRECKAGE OF
ELECTRONIC DEBRIS
AND INDUSTRIAL
REMAINS FOR A
RECONSTRUCTED
WORLD.

This month I purchased my first "digital-only release" from Metropolis, **Suicide Commando's** *Godsend/Menschenfresser* EP. While it's nice to have the convenience and instant gratification of getting the album from your computer in less than two minutes, I feel like it devalues the artist. Not having the disc complete with art, liner notes and the tangible evidence of the purchase gives me that "something is missing" feeling. The artistry of the music business is getting lost due to the saturation of mediocre talent being cranked out. We already know that most of these musicians don't make much, if any, money when they put out their music, but what happens when one person buys a CD and then burns a copy or rips that disc for five of their friends? The upcoming generations will never understand what it was like to have a brand new record or the smell of a new CD, and they may not ever have the guilt of fucking their favorite musician in the ass by asking them to sign their burned copy of their disc. Hey, it's happened! It's bittersweet to see the way the music industry is changing.

Tokyo Mask
Backbone
Low Impedance Recordings
Street: 09.01
Tokyo Mask = Twilight Transmissions + John Sellekaers

When I saw that John Sellekaers (**Xingu Hill**) had mastered this five-track disc, it was clear I had something exciting in my possession. Crystal-clear wailing and squealing through hollow corridors on "Slowly Backwards" and "Suspicious" give an edge to the experimental beats and waves of electronics. Light percussion on "Valveworm" and "Semantic Spook" adds a mainstream element to the sinister melodies. Well thought-out collaged art on the digipack of this debut release for both the label and the artist shows that both are serious about their work. In the five tracks on *Backbone*, it's hard to get a real idea of where this artist is heading, though it's intriguing enough to never forget.

Iszoloscope
The Audient Void
Ant Zen
Street: 09.06.05
Iszoloscope = ambient Iszoloscope + harsh-hitting Iszoloscope + a ninja

The **Jekyll-and-Hyde** personalities of **Yann Fraussier** have united in one to showcase both the dark ambient and harsh, schizophrenic violence on his latest release, *The Audient Void*. Static bursts and rolling rhythms from *Au Seuil du Néant* are lingering through the droning darkness of *Les Gorges des Limbes*. A 10-minute-long opener of "The Audient Void" is dark and subtle, building into intensity soundtrack-style, in the tradition of **Ah Cama-Sotz** or **This Morn' Omina**. The first two minutes of "The Sum of Us All" drags a dark fog of demon whispering and hollow chanting through a dark forest. Crunchy beats jump in and it's back to the danceable side of our favorite French-Canadian. "Unto Deeper Calling" is the perfect mix of both sides of Iszoloscope, where relaxing and enjoying the moody drones backfires when the stabby beats come marching in and drag you through the mud. The album art by **S.alt**, as always, is fantastic and communicates brilliantly a mood that lingers long after listening to the album. One of the real treats on any given Iszoloscope disc is the random sample that shows off Yann's sense of humor. And now the question is yours - "Is there ever a bad time for pudding?"

Loss
I Kill Everything
Spectre Records
Street: 10.30
Loss = Gridlock + Lexincrypt - beats

Raw emotion and exorcised demons are the first thing to jump out when listening to the first track, "The Turning," on *I Kill Everything*. Eight tracks of destructive noise are therapeutic, with sometime beautiful melodies and grating scratchy vocals from this US artist. With "Freedom in Ashes," you feel the beast you are dealing with and recognize the beauty that hides underneath. Sludgy groaning and sweet melodies are distinguished on this *Beauty and the Beast* piece. "As Seen On TV" is striking with a sense of desolation stemming from the hollow scratches on the surface of the sweet melody. The final piece, "A Moment of Reflection," clocks in just over 17 minutes and is the most accessible track here. With an album titled *I Kill Everything*, you wouldn't expect anything less than pure unadulterated hate, but I had no idea it could get this dark. I love it. **STAGE**



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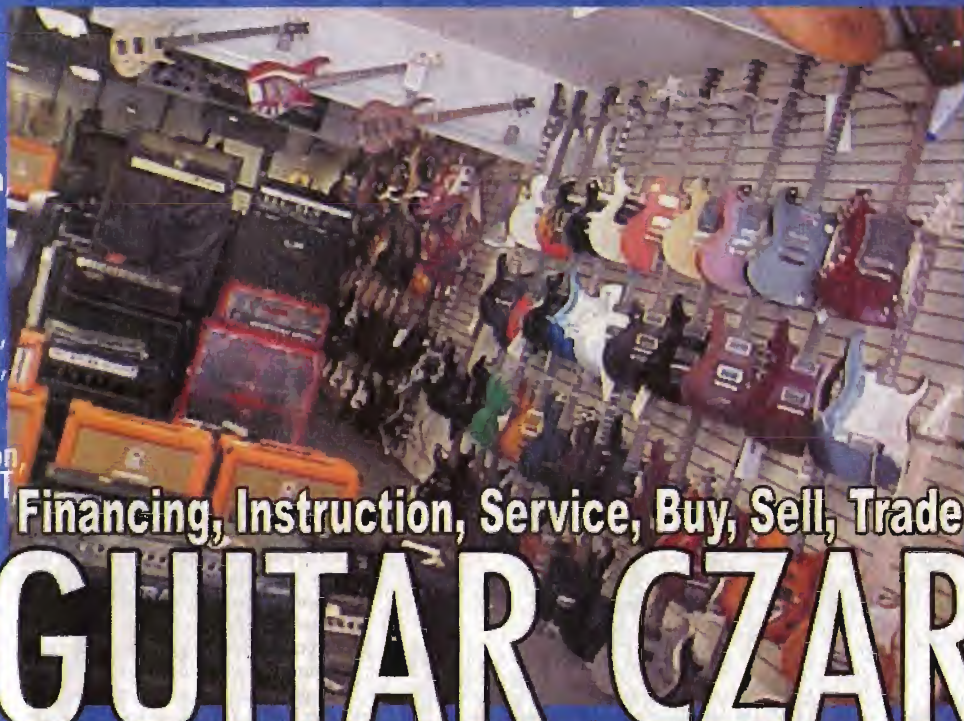
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LOVE LOCAL ART

February 2006 By Mariah Mann Mellus

On February 17th like every third Friday, local art galleries prop open their doors from 6-9 p.m. and let the commoners shuffle around the latest and greatest Utah artists have to offer. As always, *SLUG Magazine* has got all the underground, elitist information. For your optimum *Gallery Stroll* experience, this is your guide.



We take eight amazing artists all at the top of their game in their respective mediums, give them a topic, offer subtopics and let them go fur, feather, skin and scale wild! This is the *Chimera Show* hosted by the *Rio Grande Gallery* and curated by **Toby Putnam**.

Chimera refers to a living organism or organ consisting of two or more tissues. In layman's terms, one possibility is a man's head and horse's body, such a **centaur** in Greek mythology. Also associated with fairytales and fantasies,

it sounds very innocent until the subject is unleashed to artists **Toby Putnam, Shri Whipple, Dana Costello, Jeni Lords, Lei Bell, Trent Call, Tessa Lindsey and David Rulman**. Their creativity is abundant and I'm haunted, yet intrigued, by the creatures introduced in this show. Curator Toby Putnam's main objective is uniting artists, allowing them to influence and inspire each other, while cross promoting themselves in the different art circles. It has become a wonderful vessel of creativity and collaboration. Given the impact these artists have separately, putting them all together may just open up some fifth dimension or back hole. For an out-of-mind experience that may haunt you forever visit the *Rio Grande Gallery* located at 300 S. 455 West. The show will open with an artist reception on February 17th and remain on display until March 13th. For regular business hours, call 468-3517.

It's time for **Round Two**, the anniversary party for the **Kayo Gallery**, located at 315 East 300 South. One year ago this month, we added *Kayo Gallery* to the list of exciting fresh places to see emerging artist. 25 of last year's favorite artists will be gathered together by curator **Cein Watson** to celebrate this new hotspot for Salt Lake's ever growing underground art community. February 17th through March 13th for more information visit www.kayogallery.com

The opportunities to showcase young emerging artists have expanded and so have the creative educational tools. **Spy Hop Productions** teaches Salt Lake's youth the essentials to film, audio and art production. Their film festivals have received national acclaim and students recently provided SlamDance with the film to introduce their feature films. Watch out soon we will be begging these kids for jobs! Spy Hop is located on *Pierpont* at approximately 357 west and will be open to the public during the monthly *Gallery Stroll*. Stop in and see what the youth of today will use to kick our butts tomorrow.

Artist and fashioner **Keith Bryce** of the highly celebrated clothing line **Filthy Gorgeous** will unveil his recent work at *Unknown Gallery* at 353 W. 200S. Fashion show and art opening will take place February 17th with merchandise for sale at the gallery or for the complete line visit the fabulous *Glide Deluxe Store* located at 2153 East 2100 S00 South. Support local, whatever it is! **SLUG**

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A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and bangs is the central figure. She has extensive tattoos on both arms, including floral and butterfly designs. She is wearing a black, strapless, bustier-style top. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a simple indoor setting with a window.

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Positively 4th Street: Raunch Records

By Aaron Anderson



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If you were to walk down 400 South in Salt Lake City 17 years ago, starting from 300 West and continuing on to 4th West, what would you see? Well, to your right, along the side of the viaduct ramp, you'd see graffiti reading, "This ain't the summer of love, this is the summer Jim died," with a stick figure dinosaur painted beside it. To your left there were vacant stores with barred windows, broken bottles and the smell of urine and shit stinking from the entryways. Further down, to your right, there were transients huddled around a bonfire beneath the viaduct, or hiding from the summer sun in the shade of Pioneer Park, depending on the season. Finally, to your left, there was the *Positively Fourth Street* building, and *Raunch Records* was inside.

Brad Collins owned *Raunch Records*. He had stacks of punk, metal, and hardcore LPs and 7"s for sale. There were t-shirts, magazines and skateboards. There were flyers advertising upcoming shows at *The Speedway Café* or *The Word*, flyers that decorated the bedroom walls of every kid involved in the music scene. Rarely did you leave the store without free posters and stickers. On the way out you could pick up the new *SLUG* and several other free publications if you wanted them. With a 20-dollar bill you could leave there with enough music and reading material to keep you happy until next payday. If you were into music outside of the mainstream, you couldn't ask for a better store.

Despite the fact that *Raunch* specialized in underground music and it

was located right in the middle of the roughest part of town, it thrived at that location for years. It was not only a well-known store locally, it was known throughout the country as one of the best stores of its kind.

Pushead did the artwork for some of the store's ads and posters. **Daphne**, Collins' business partner, moved to Los Angeles and opened up a *Raunch* store there for a while. All the best bands of the time made it a point to come and play Salt Lake. The scene here was cooking, and *Raunch Records* was one of the primary reasons it was so hot.

Collins also hosted a radio show on *KRCL* every Saturday night called *Behind the Zion Curtain*, where he played the music he carried in his store for several hours. Back then the hardcore scene was truly underground and **Billy Idol** was the closest thing to punk that you would hear on commercial radio. The kids, like me, would record the show on cassette tapes and listen to it several times. After a set of music, Collins would tell you the artist and name of each song, *KRCL*-style, and the next time you went into his store you knew exactly what you were after. **Tristan Tabish** and **Bernice Halladay** moved into the same timeslot shortly after Collins left, continuing to play similar music.

Raunch Records moved out of *Positively 4th Street* in 1992, relocating to Main Street between 800 and 900 South. The store then moved to 1121 East Wilmington in Sugarhouse. Eventually, it moved to its final location on 3300 South, closing for good in 1998.

SLUG

Fails to Follow

By Derek Fonnebeck

Travis Fails, who played his first show in 1987, has stood on the pinnacle of SLC's hardcore punk movement for the past 20 years. A self-taught musician, Travis paid his dues with local bands **N5C**, **HateX9**, **Iodina** and his current project, **All Systems Fail**. He has toured extensively; he has gone on six US tours, one tour in Mexico and one in Europe. In the 1990s, he worked at the now-legendary **Raunch Records**, was involved in the founding of the Salt Lake Chapter of **Food Not Bombs** and toiled as the sound guy for the derelict, underground all-ages venue, **Hate House**.

SLUG: Regarding the origins of underground culture in Salt Lake City, how did things really get started, in your opinion?

TF: I came into the scene when it was having its first explosion. **Brad Collins** had **Raunch Records**, **Behind the Zion Curtain** [KRCL radio show] and was promoting national shows. There was a slew of established local bands. This was 1984 or 1985; the real start of Salt Lake's punk/hardcore scene was in the 70s. Shows seemed to pull 200 to 400 kids and there was a feeling of camaraderie. Maybe it had to do with often having to fight or take shit for being punk. It wasn't as accepted back then. We oppressed by society and we clung together.

SLUG: Regarding the 1970s punk/hardcore genesis, can you tell me a little of what you've heard from that time ... any specific bands or events that were spoken of by the denizens of the time?

TF: I missed all those early shows at *The Indian Center*, so they held a mystical quality about them ... bands like **Subhumans** and **Marginal Man** ... I missed them by a matter of months ... not many people involved in the mid-80s knew much about the early formative scene. One band always mentioned is **The Boards**. I was excited when they released a CD a few years ago [**Soundco Records**], because all I'd heard of the Boards before were some fourth-generation tapes that were more hiss than music.

SLUG: You speak of people who may have once been involved in the music/culture, but now seem to separate themselves from it. What do you think contributed to this?

TF: There are many things that push people away from the scene. A lack of progress can really bite. I've been playing in political-punk bands since 1986, and for what? Have we caused a positive impact on society? It can be hard to stick to your laurels, pull up your chin and go back out there time and time again. Of my friends from the 80s that were involved, about half are dead. Most of the rest have dropped out and picked up a normal life, and the rest have moved away from the punk scene but still fight the good fight in their own way. Then there's me ... this is where I grew up; I don't know anything else. It's about living to deal with the shit, day to day. How many times do you want to lose a friend to heroin? How many fights do you want to break up? How many venues to you want to see not let

punk bands play? How long can you work at something without getting any positive feedback? Hearing, "Dude, your band rips" ... doesn't fit my idea of positive feedback.

SLUG: Why, in your opinion, would a fellow like Brad Collins [owner of *Raunch Records*] leave after building such a formidable legacy? Have you thought about hanging it all up and reinventing yourself?

TF: Even in the pinnacle of success that was *Raunch* in Sugarhouse, it was in a precarious position. Once the lease was lost to make way for the big development, there just wasn't a good location that offered cheap enough rent. Also, I think Brad just plain burned out. You have to imagine - he lived, breathed, and ate punk rock (and all the side genres) for 20 years or so.

He didn't have any other interests for a long time. For me,

it would be silly to think of doing this at 60. This whole thing is youth-driven and I am old enough to be the father to a lot of kids that go to shows now. I have other interests outside of the music scene. I admit I don't go out to just any show anymore, and my involvement in political action is much less than it used to be.

SLUG: Is there an alternative for local bands that aren't interested in playing in bars? How does the dominant bar scene affect shows?

TF: Now, once someone hits 21, all-ages shows are a thing of the past. All the bigger local bands are playing bar shows. Now, when a band like **MDC** comes through, they end up playing at a bar. I don't think I'm the only person who thinks this is just wrong. The new liquor laws [SB 153; passed three years ago] that prevent alcohol sales at shows with people under 18 probably has something to do with this. Those old enough to drink don't want to go to a show where they can't drink (which in my opinion is pretty lame). Bar shows are easy and they typically pay a lot better. There are a good number of bands out there that don't want to play bar shows, but the pickings on where to play are slim. For example, my band is not allowed to play at *Kilby* or *Sugarbeats*. *The Lo-Fi* has its issues and that leaves *The Circuit*, which in my opinion is the worst place to play in the greater Salt Lake valley.

SLUG: So where do you see yourself and your music in 10 or 20 years? Is there a renaissance lurking around the corner, or is anarcho-punk the story you're sticking to?

TF: The type of music I love has been my main thing since I was 14. I still see a lot of room for growth within my music. At the same time, as I mentioned before, it is a youth-oriented genre and maybe someday I just won't get it anymore. Maybe I'll be like the guys in their mid 40s playing in cover bands trying to relive the glory of their youth. It could be me and a bunch of toothless drunken old punks in a bar somewhere singing along to songs of yesteryear. That doesn't sound that bad; a punk



Words of Wisdom From a SLCC Punk Vet

retirement home or something. We can make zines and disparage each other's politics.

SLUG: What is your take on the incestuous nature of the Salt Lake music scene? Does it detract from the scene at large and the diversity of the music to have a handful of central figures that seem to be in every band?

TF: Salt Lake is still a small city and the amount of people involved will always be limited, but there will always be a few people who dominate. However, it's not like **Dave Payne [Red Bennies]** or **Eli Morrison [The**

Wolfs] being involved with half of the bands in Salt Lake prevents other people from starting bands. Perhaps people like this have had a disproportionate impact on the sounds coming from this valley. I personally think that the **Red Bennies** have had a larger influence on local bands than any other band, local or national. Is this bad? I guess it depends on if you like the **Bennies** or not, but I can listen to **The Wolfs, Starmy, Books** about **UFOs**

and others and see the legacy that the **Bennies** have created. However, look at bands like **Loiter Cognition, Union of the Snake, Gaza** or **Art of Kanly**. All these band play a harder type of music, but they are all distinctly themselves. I'm not implying that the heavier bands are more unique because they are heavier ... I guess my point is that the **Bennies, Starmy, Wolfs, BAUFOS**, etc sound a lot alike.

SLUG: What are your political views? How has portraying them through music shaped or affected them?

TF: To put a simple label on my politics, I'd have to say anarchist. Of course it isn't that simple; I don't fit into the bomb-throwing stereotype, but in reality that isn't what anarchism is about. In many ways, being in a political-oriented band really pigeonholes you. Everyone figures you will perform for free and they think you are against having fun, but a lot of times I just want to sit down and have a beer. I'd say that most people here who see us don't want to know about our politics. Some just won't listen because we are "that kind of band." But taking the band on the road has introduced us to the whole international community of political punks. Here it doesn't happen as much, but people often have their political awakening through

the punk scene, and that's one reason I'm still here.

SLUG: Can you describe the evolution of the punk/hardcore scene in the mid/late 80s? And what about **NSC** and the **Hate House**? Is that where the **Food Not Bombs** stuff happened?

TF: I think the separation of the political-punk scene and the punk scene happened before I was involved. I don't see it as a reaction from a hotter-than-thou stance that the peace-punks had. I just don't see many people who could've come off with that attitude, at least not until the straight-

edge scene came up. There was always this underlying friction, but never a distinct schism. I don't remember one fight at a show in the late 80s between the two groups; maybe some name-calling and posing, but that's it.

In the early 90s, the **Hate House** formed as a practice place for **Hate x 9**. I became involved when **Dwayne Finley** [guitarist for **Hate x 9**] hit me up to sing for a new band that he was trying to pull together which became **NSC**. Around the same time, **Hate House** started doing shows. Dwayne was becoming more active politically at this time, and **Hate House** became the place where **Food Not Bombs** started up. Almost every show that we had was a donation-only show. Other than dealing with the cops now and again, it was cool; never a fight or a problem, but eventually things fell apart and the landlord decided to sell the place.

SLUG: It seems like popular music has become more lifestyle-music than a call to individuality. Maybe kids are tired of hearing about their responsibilities and just want to let loose, but isn't that the cultural function that punk/hardcore were invented to provide? Is that a result of the way music and culture are transmitted now [digitally]?

TF: Well, the mainstream has co-opted all the subcultures and has turned them into little prepackaged fashion statements. It sucked all the rebelliousness out of them. I remember a time when if you saw someone walking down the street wearing a pyramid belt, you'd know you could go up to them and talk about music and what was going on in town. Now it seems more likely they are someone who would've been a preppy or jock in the 80s. Computers have just made all this easier and faster. No longer are you waiting for some Xeroxed catalog from some guy in Ohio who makes t-shirts of all your favorite bands. **SLUG**



To read the full interview with Travis Fails log onto slugmag.com

17

Mike Mayo Chats About 17 Years at 4th Street

By Aaron Anderson

Photo: Ryan McCallmon



Positively 4th Street, the red brick building on the corner of 400 South and 400 West. Erected in 1909, it was a meat processing plant until 1945, at which time **Eugene Wagner** acquired it. Wagner used the building as a prosthetic-foot factory, producing a product call the "Sach Foot" until 1972. In 1972, it was sold to a college professor who opened up the building as studios for lease, hoping to attract painters, sculptors, musicians and alike. Bands began to inhabit the building at this point in time, but the professor struggled for four or five years and eventually the building was repossessed. However, the new owners continued to lease the rooms as practice spaces for musicians, and that is chiefly how it has remained. **Mike Mayo** moved his bass guitar and amp into the building in 1988 and has been there ever since. He is currently the longest running tenant in the building.

SLUG: Have you always been in room 11?

Mike Mayo: No, I've only been in room 11 for 16 years. We had a room upstairs for a while. That was in late 1988 and early 1989. **Mark Earle** and the guys in **Baphomet** built room 11. They built that while we were still upstairs doing **Biohazard**. Then Baphomet broke up and we got Mark to sit in on a recording with Biohazard because our guitarist wasn't a good lead. Then Mark joined the band. **Andy**, our guitarist, didn't like the fact that he had to play second fiddle to Mark, so he quit. That's when we got **Mike Mullholland** (RIP, dear friend) and decided to change our name back to **Slaughterchrist**. Room 11 opened up so we moved downstairs. That was probably late '89. I've been in the building since '88 except for the four months where we had to move out because the fire marshal closed the building down.

SLUG: When was it closed down?

MM: That was about 1991. We had to go to *Downtown Music*, which was fucking awful. We didn't like the fact that you had to check in, you could only be there so late, and they were only open until midnight. You know, most gigs you play, you play until at least one in the morning. So when you needed to unload you had to take your shit home and then go back there the next day to drop it off. *Positively 4th Street* is actually storage and studio. You have 24-hour access. It's a lot stricter than it used to be, but we were never down there to party. We were down there to practice, and we still are. Once in awhile, when we were playing *The Word*, it was nice to have a studio right there. We could go down to the studio and have a beer if the band playing before or after us was crappy. We didn't ever really party there, though.

SLUG: *Rauch Records* was there when you moved in, and *The Word* opened up shortly after, right?

MM: Yeah, I think *Rauch* was there until about 1992. **Slaughterchrist** played the first *Sabbathon* at *The Word*. **J.R. Ruppel** put it on, partly to save *The Word* and partly to save *SLUG*. I know he put it on to save at least one.

SLUG: Was it a good show?

MM: It was all right. You know, people were just hanging out, checking in and out all day long. It was pretty fun. People came to see the band they wanted to see. **Maimed For Life**, **Victims Willing** and **The Strangers** played. I'm not sure who else played: I think **Dinosaur Bones** played too.

SLUG: That was a long time ago, man.

MM: Yeah.

SLUG: What was the neighborhood like back

then? I know there weren't restaurants, coffee shops and yuppie apartment complexes around.

MM: (laughing) It was scary, man. The only store that was open was *Hubcap City*, where you could trade in hubcaps for cash. The viaduct was there, which was nice, because you had plenty of parking. But you wouldn't want to show up to practice alone. You wanted to show up in pairs. It was fucking scary. There were needles and syringes and empty beer cans all over the place. Every time you got out of your car there was someone there to bum a smoke from you. I had some guy threaten to brake out my window because I wouldn't give him a cigarette. He pulled a hammer out. He was like, "You got a cigarette?" and I said, "No, man." He said, "How about if I bust out your window?" Then he pulled out his fucking hammer and said, "You got a cigarette now?" One of the other guys in my band finally just gave him a cigarette.

SLUG: Who were some of the bands leasing rooms when you moved in?

MM: **Hate x 9**, **Maimed for Life**, **Truce**, **The Boxcar Kids**, **Dinosaur Bones** and a band called **Avon Calling**.

SLUG: Can you name all the bands that have practiced in room 11?

MM: **Biohazard**, **Pestilence**, **Slaughterchrist**, **Novagenus**, **Hairfarm**, **Trailerpark**, **Surly**, **Wormdrive**, **Twenty-four Ounce Can**, **The Poodles**, **Poor Boys Rock** and **Thunderfist**.

Mike Mayo continues to practice and drink beer in

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31Knots
Talk Like Blood
 Polyvinyl Records
 Street: 10.11.05

31Knots = 15.9477778 m / s
 The influx of nonsensical lyrics into our culture has essentially ruined the credibility of the modern songwriter. Luckily, there are still a few out there who believe in music as art and that lyrics are important on a personal level. **Joe Haegel** of 31Knots has tapped into his soul in this production, and the result is an album full of mystery, suspense and beauty. 31Knots create non-traditional soundscapes that are as interesting as they are varied. They have successfully fused indie-everything with prog-everything-else. Their melodies are lucid and the use of dynamics is unlike anything in the indie world. They have their heads in the clouds but their feet firmly planted on the earth. It would be foolish not to listen to this album. (*Kilby Court*: 02.03)
 —Andrew Glassett

Acid Bath
Demos: 1993 - 1996
 Rotten Records
 Street: 12.06

Acid Bath = Down + Pantera + Goatwhore + Soilent Green

If you have never heard of Acid Bath, you deserve one swift kick in the face. The number of bands Acid Bath has influenced is phenomenal. Playing doom dirges with outbursts of smashing brutality, Acid Bath left other bands in the mud. The group left a lasting mark in heavy music, even though they produced only two albums. Now, for the first time, fans can get their hands on the demos that led to the group's debut album *When the Kite String Pops* and follow-up *Paegan Terrorism Tactics*. The demos contain good sound quality and provide fans a glimpse of what led to the recording of the band's full-lengths, displaying the bands dynamic progression. —Bryer Wharton

America Is Waiting
In The Lines
 Wrong Records
 Street: 10.4.05

America Is Waiting = The Kinison + At The Drive-In
 Regretfully, the most impressive thing about America Is Waiting's *In the Lines* EP is the album art. It's hard to go wrong when there's a skull of some sort involved with a color scheme of black and red. The problem with this EP lies that the vocals. Most of the tracks come out muffled and half-slurred under the overpowering drums and guitars, creating a mess of not-so-well-made noise. It's easy to get bored at some point within several tracks because of the repetitive blandness in the music and vocals. This album needs more salt and pepper to enjoy it, more songs like "The Guns Are Shaking," "Guilty" and "The Virus Is Airborne," where the music and the vocals work together and don't fight each other for dominance. *In the Lines* is only a so-so release. Better luck next time. —J C Wilkins

The Aristocrats
The Original Soundtrack to The Aristocrats
 V2
 Street: 12.6.05

The Aristocrats = a very brief survey of American standup comedy + a mountain of expletives
 As tedious as hearing the same punchline about 35 times on one CD may seem, the producers of this

audio accompaniment to the acclaimed documentary (was it really a documentary?) made it work. It feels as if a revelation is bubbling under the surface throughout the first half of the disc, and eventually everyone seems to understand that the joke isn't a prizewinner by itself. The value of this exercise rests in the ability of each comedian to lend an unpredictable and affecting flourish (typically via creative descriptions of rape, incest and myriad unheralded uses of bodily fluids). As it is hard enough to find decent comedy albums anyhow, you may as well bypass the congested **Dane Cook** section for once. Besides, even **Jason Alexander** delivers a good anal penetration joke. —#1 Stunna

The Autumn Offering
Revelations of the Unsung
 Victory Records
 Street: 01.10

The Autumn Offering = Slayer + Pantera + In Flames + As I Lay Dying

Rising from the music scene in Daytona Beach, The Autumn Offering provide nothing new to feverish heavy music fans, though the quintet does know how to bang some heads with their thrash-inspired metalcore. The group quickly made friends and contacts including **Jamey Jasta** of **Hatebreed** who originally released *Revelations of the Unsung* in 2004 on his record label. Sweeping the music scene and hopping on high profile tours garnered the attention of Victory Records, hence the re-release of the band's debut full-length only one year later. With help from the label, the band hopes to spread its darkened heavy message to the masses, which is something Jasta's **Stillborn** label couldn't provide. —Bryer Wharton

Bleeding Through
The Truth
 Trustkill
 Street: 01.10

Bleeding Through = breakdown-based melodic hardcore

Straight out of the OC, Bleeding Through are back after touring their asses off in support of the acclaimed *This Is Love, This Is Murderous* album. These hardcore veterans have always been a staple in the scene — always a leader, never a follower. At the same time pushing the boundaries of what hardcore is. *The Truth* is an ominous look into the future of hardcore. Incorporating much more melody than they have on any record, Bleeding Through have put their heart on the line, with realization that some fans may dislike the more melodic band than the chaotic version that they had come to know. Breakdowns and melody pepper the record, utilizing the most keyboards yet. Another bonus to the album are the appearances by **Nick 13** of **Tiger Army** and **Ben Falgoust** of **Soilent Green**. The depths and intricacies of *The Truth* will set the stage for another massive round of touring for the band and leaves them poised to have one of the top albums of the year. —Bryer Wharton

Coffin Lids
'Round Midnight
 Bomp!
 Street: 01.10

Coffin Lids = Iggy and the Stooges + Dick Dale + The Buzzcocks + Legendary Invisible Men

Oh the horror of it all! A garage band that can actually play, but remains just as raw and fun as a horror movie on Halloween — wait ... that's not horrible, that's fantastic! The Coffin Lids are a garage surf-punk band with horror leanings that can really pull all of that off. The opening track, "Frankenstein," sets the tone for the rest of record: spooky energetic organs, fuzzed-out guitars and rumbling bass lines. The Lids even introduce their signature dance, "The Creepy Crawl," which you'll need to know because this record forces you to dance. This is the best garage band I've heard in long time. —James Orme

Dimmu Borgir
Stormblast
 Nuclear Blast
 Street: 02.07

Dimmu Borgir = spikes + leather + corpse paint + some music

For all the Dimmu fans out there, take note, this is not the band's new album. Through in a way it is new, the album is actually a re-recorded version of Dimmu's

classic second full-length album *Stormblast*, with **Hellhammer** taking over drum duties. As to why the band did this I have no clue, there was nothing wrong with *Stormblast*, and the production on the album is fine. The sound and style comes off much better on the original than the newer polished version. But this record on its own, setting aside the history, is a melodic-black-metal fan's wet dream. This release should hold fans over until the spring, when Dimmu plans to release their new full length. —Bryer Wharton

Euphondisson
Provisional
 Scatological Liberation Front
 Street: 01.05

Euphondisson = Black Sabbath + Ether - Crash Worship
 Post-rock is a lot like 70s jazz fusion; the formula looks pretty simple on paper — grab a guitar, turn on a bunch of pedals, cycle through 20 minutes of noisy melodies — yet so few actually succeed in making something other than boring rambles. Seattle's Euphondisson is, however, one such act that took to the genre with ease and preternatural grace — I'm sure a great deal of practice was involved. Members of this now defunct act might have scattered to a brimming handful of other projects (**Kount**, **Fistula**, **Brigham** and **Zdefekt**, to name a few), but this final release serves as a reminder of the group's pioneering spirit, influence and synergy. Like their distant Canadian cousins (AKA the **Constellation** crew), the group wallows in improvised, atmospheric guitars, smoked-out aggression, barely audible voices, droning and amplified violins, yet makes sense from a formal standpoint (i.e. themes, development, climax). From the ghostly first track ("Track One") to the smoked-out aggression of the eleven-minute closer ("Track Four"), Euphondisson will hold you captive and leave you pining for a reunion tour. —Dave Mode

Grand National
Kicking the National Habit
 Sunday Best Recordings
 Street: 02.21

Grand National = LCD Soundsystem + New Order + The Police

Put on this album if you want to get the girls dancing. It has already been played in European clubs for over a year and is just going to be released in the states. The English duo combines indie-pop hooks, house and early-80s ska. The production is one of the standouts on the record. It's full of dreamy club reverb, synthesized vocals and slick electronica loops. There is also an excellent trance remix at the end by fellow Brit DJ **Sasha**. All of the tracks are multi-layered and highly polished. Who says pop music has to suck? And all of this is coming from two guys who used to be in a **Queen** cover-band. They're sure to get attention when it's released here. It's one of the best party albums I've heard in a while. —Spencer Jenkins

Hayseed Dixie
A Hot Piece of Grass
 Cooking Vinyl
 Street: 01.24

Hayseed Dixie = your favorite rock n' roll songs + bluegrass

According to Hayseed Dixie, all good songs have four elements, "drinking, cheating, killing and hell." It's no wonder that they chose **AC/DC** as the band that they would pay tribute to with their mandolin and banjo. In case you haven't heard, that's what they do. They take rock songs and turn them into bluegrass songs. On *A Hot Piece of Grass*, the band takes a stab at some rock n' roll classics like **Motorhead's** "Ace of Spades," **Black Sabbath's** "War Pigs," and **Led Zeppelin's** "Whole Lotta Love." My personal favorite was their version of **Van Halen's** "Runnin with the Devil." I never knew **Barley Scotch** could hit those notes. —Phillip Lee

The High Violets
To Where You Are
 Reverb Records
 Street: 01.31

The High Violets = Luscious Jackson + The Cranberries + Slowdive

In today's job market, often the career you end up with is not the one that you planned. For example, you wanted to be a vet. Instead, you knew some guy, he got you some job, you got some promotion, and then

suddenly you are an industrial vacuum technician. I like to think that these vicissitudes also apply to musicians. I imagine that the High Violets lead singer always wanted to be the next **Sarah Brightman**. People always told her that she had a pretty voice. However, after a few bit parts in small musicals and a whole lot of rejection, things weren't working out. She eventually decides to humble herself and call that "Guitarist Looking for Vocalist" in the local weekly newspaper whose ad cites Slowdive and Mazzy Star as primary influences. Next thing you know, they start rehearsing and playing shows as the High Violets. Life's funny like that. Unfortunately, whenever fortune chooses your industrial vacuum technician or lush dream-pop vocalist, quality always suffers and you have to deal with shitty results. Don't be afraid to follow your hearts, guys. —Robert Leavitt

In Flames
Come Clarity
Ferret Records
Street: 02.07

In Flames = In Flames
At the end of the original edit of *Return of the Jedi* there was the "yub-yub" song and ghostly images of an old **Anakin**, **Yoda**, and **Obi-Wan Kenobi** standing guard. Then **George Lucas** took out the "yub-yub" song and replaced it with a new crappy song and slick CGI for the reissue of *Return of the Jedi*, and then just this past year on the DVD release he changed the ghostly images altogether. I can still watch the newest incarnation of *Return of the Jedi*, it's alright, but damn do I miss the "yub-yub" song. That's kind of how In Flames is. There was *Whorace*, then *Colony* and *Clayman*, and now the latest three releases. They've moved to Ferret Records, seemingly in the hopes of making it bigger by appealing to a different crowd. It's no secret that In Flames' music has been changing over the last three albums or so. This CD has some decent riffs, but the song structures become repetitive. In Flames finally ran out of ideas; this whole record becomes a blur after a while. It's not much different than the past few releases, so if you've heard those you know what you're going to get. The production quality is great, but In Flames is going MOR on this one, I assume to garner radio play. It's not an altogether atrocious release, but giving it a miss isn't inadvisable either. —Peter Fryer

Jel
Soft Money
Anticon Records
Street: 02.28
Jel = Controllor 7 + Boom Bip + used car salesman wearing a little tie
Drum machines, samplers and a slough of hand-me-down instruments are all mastered by this Anticon resident beat-head. On the usual **Jeffrey "Jel" Logan** release, he's shown splicing beats and puzzling them back together again with his trademark crackling SP-1200 sound. Rather, on *Soft Money*, he's up in the air surveying a vast musical landscape as a linguist. Yes, you read it right. Jel is no longer the rusty-hued tunic-clad lad whose silent voice bellows through his instrumentals, but on top of them as well. In other words, he rhymes on this album. Accompanied by the likes of **Wise Intelligent** or **Poor Righteous Teachers** and **Steffi Bohm** of **Ms. John Soda**, the creepy and surreal tracks that make up *Soft Money* delve deep into the human psyche and "re-writes the rulebooks" on hip-hop revival with idiosyncratic finesse. Full of uncluttered grime and progressive grit, this album is ingenious. —Lance Saunders

Liams
Drum's Not Dead
Mute
Street: 02.23

Liams (circa now) = Liams (circa 2004) + Radiohead
Drum's Not Dead plucks the last pinky finger from the cliff's edge and sends hurtling into the abyss, any hopes that the Liams' departure from their original dance-punk sound was only temporary. Front man and increasingly apparent creative commander of the band, **Angus Andrews**, following the leads of **Bowie** and **Lou Reed**, moved to Berlin and recorded his strangest sounds to date. *Drum's Not Dead* loosely skirts a narrative revolving around static characters that symbolize the excitement and turmoil of the

creative process. The music mostly drones over heavy percussion and beneath high-pitched vocals. A couple chanting, ominous tracks sound slightly reminiscent of *They Were Wrong So We Drowned* (2004), but the album as a whole is hardly comparable. An accompanying DVD with three videos for each of the tracks is art school at best, but reflects the creative lengths the Liams will span to produce a truly original product. —Nate Martin

Nagg
S/T
Dollar Record Records
Street: 08.03.05

Nagg = The White Stripes + The Donnas + ACDC
If the Donnas had rocked a little harder and whined a little less they'd sound a lot like Nagg. Many of the songs on this album blur together into a garage-rock mush, but a few manage to stand out of the crowd. Some of my favorites were "Beauty of the Bitch," "She's in Love with You," and "Another Day." **Amy Ward's** raspy vocals, which sound like she has smoked one to many cigarettes, are a good match for the muted guitars and bass. This album was damned hard to listen to all at once, but taken a few songs at a time it isn't bad. If you're a fan of **The Hives**, or any of the bands that sound like The Hives, you'll probably like this. —Jeanette Moses

Nausea
The Punk Terrorist Anthology Volume 1
Alternative Tentacles Records
Street: 01.24

Nausea = All Systems Fail + Extreme Noise Terror + Filth
If I believed in Satan he would sound like **AI**, the male singer of Nausea. This 22-track album contains the majority of their album *Extinction* and many of their singles. Although the songs were all written in the 80s, they are still relevant to our situation today. In essence, Nausea did what **Crass** did: dual male/female vocals and lyrics that they were anti-war, pro-feminist, pro-animal-rights and anti-racist. But they did it faster and angrier than **Crass** did. This album is the perfect combination of metal, thrash, experimentation and punk rock. It combines socially aware lyrics with guitar solos that have a tendency to sound like gunshots — not sirens and drums. This is probably the best thing to listen to when wrapping Christmas presents. —Jeanette Moses

Okay Paddy
The Cactus Has a Point
Prison Jazz Records
Street: 02.28

Okay Paddy = Nada Surf + early Weezer + Pavement
Okay Paddy come from Scranton, Pennsylvania, a place with such a crappy name that it's only proper the equally-crappy American version of *The Office* is set there. I am not saying *The Cactus Has a Point* is quite that lame, although I would be hard pressed to say it's amazing, great or innovative. It's really nothing more than a handful of non-threatening, enjoyably sweet pop songs that sit downwind of early **Beatles**, with hints of **NRBQ** and, of course, **Weezer** (but not the bad stuff). The standout track is the catchy, loveable "Gas Money," and the album layout is an intriguing psychedelic mural, complete with a John Lennon-style weirdo essay in the liner notes. It's altogether a pleasing listen, but nothing astonishing. —Jamila Roehrig

Pearls and Brass
The Indian Tower
Drag City
Street: 01.24
Pearls and Brass = Black Sabbath + Groundhog + Sir Lord Baltimore

Last year I had the opportunity to interview singer songwriter **David Pajo**, who raved about **Pears and Brass**, calling them "phenomenal ... incredibly tight." Pajo knows his shit. *The Indian Tower* is a powerful bluesy-rock record that, if released one month earlier, would have definitely made my Top Five of '05 list. The guitar work on this LP is absolutely amazing: intricate chord progressions, ever-changing time scales, and the warmth of a good ole' American Gibson will induce the kind of involuntary air-guitar seizures in listeners not seen since the release of *Back in Black*. From track



to track, the record is smooth, sounding more like a jam session than the over-rehearsed mathematical equations I hear on so many records these days. The last track, "Away the Mirrors" is a beautiful acoustic blues number reminiscent of **John Fahey's** older work, and is the prefect way to end such a hard-hitting masterpiece of a record. **Pearls and Brass'** first record was released in '03 on **Doppelganger Records**. —Ryan Shelton

Pedro
S/T
Mush Records
Street: 02.23
Pedro=

Like other progressive artists on the Mush label (i.e. **cLOUDDEAD**, **Daedelus**, **S.E.V.A.**), **Pedro's** music is for some reason classified in the hip-hop bin, yet its dimensions stretch oh-so-much further than the disc stacked behind it (that would be **P. Diddy**). Mastermind **James Rutledge's** instrumental stylings will have you nodding at the beat, twitching at the cuts and clicks, and feeling otherwise spaced out to the drone Eastern vibe — culled from Rutledge's arsenal of acoustic string samples. For every boom-bap and aggressively glitchy "Fear & Resilience," you have a diced-up **The Books**-like dulcimer orchestra ("The Water Ran This Way Back and Forth") or a trio of toy piano, chimes and plug-ins ("Dead Grass"). The second of this exquisite two-disc features remixers **Prefuse 73**, **Dangermouse** and twee-tronica darling **Four Tet** — the latter offering a 21-minute opus of jazz fusion and time-stretched wizardry. Rutledge and company offer a solid effort suitable for relaxing with headphones or a midnight pleasure cruise in the desert, and will most assuredly garner plenty of **Myspace** emails asking, "Dude, how did you make those sounds?" (This one's on me: myspace.com/pedropedropedro). —Depeche Madden

Randy
Randy the Band
Fat Wreck Chords
Street: 01.10
Randy = Bouncing Souls + The Briggs + teenage angst and nonstop sing-a-longs
These Swedes sure know how to make a sing-a-long. On *Randy the Band*, their sixth release, they have a perfect record of 15 sing-a-longs. The 15 tracks are riddled with teen angst and driven by high-school themes with songs like "Punk Rock High," "Teenage Tiger," and "Rich Boy." On the opposite side of Randy's high school songs is "Evil," which sounds like the Misfits — complete with **Danzig**-like vocals — minus the cheesy chorus. But the best part of this album is that it's an enhanced CD with three punk-worthy music videos, which showcase the creative genius that has made Randy popular in their homeland.



The videos include "A Man in Uniform" and "X-Ray Eyes" from their last album, and "Welfare Problems" and "Razorblade" from this release. The video for "Razorblade" consists wholly of the band riding motorcycles, throwing and dodging razorblades. Upon hitting innocent pedestrians with these razorblades, they shake violently and turn in to one of the band members – oh, and did I forget to mention they are all wearing black suits with skeletons painted on them? Razorblade's video is Oscar-winning material. *Randy the Band* is simple and fun to listen to for anyone, but definitely centered toward a younger audience. –J C Wilkins

The Society of Rockets
Where the Grass Grows Black
Underpop Records

Street: 02.21
The Society of Rockets = Rod Stewart & Faces at their worst + Flaming Lips at their most unrealized
Dear Society of Rockets,

To call your music boring would be an understatement! I thought I was in for a treat when I saw the psychedelic Day of the Dead-style cover art as it looks like something *Arthur Magazine* might endorse. Boy, was I wrong! Everything about your contrived, overproduced indie-drivel is just so ... how you say ... safe! What might pass for psychedelia on *Where the Grass Grows Black*, to me, seems no more groundbreaking or interesting than the new *Lindsay Lohan* album (and it's just as raw). I'm not really sure who it is you're trying to convince but it sure as shit isn't me! You'd do right by taking cues from *The Gris Gris* or other contemporary psych-rock bands who haven't forgotten what it means to be honest. I could go on but I have a word-count to adhere to.

Very sincerely,
–Jared T. Soper

The Sword
S/T
Kemado Records
Street: 02.14

The Sword = Black Sabbath + High on Fire + Kyuss + Queens of the Stone Age

Okay, so it is only two months into the new year, but timing won't forget this band come December. The Sword have melded a sonic sludge, heavy and relentless. In a pond of tadpoles, The Sword would have three tails, holding a sound that is all theirs. The weight and girth of this Austin quartet's debut should poise them on a pedestal for others to envy and salivate. The band turned some heads building a healthy reputation playing shows in Austin and astounding listeners at SXSW. What is in store for the band for 2006 can't be determined yet, but good things come to those who wait. –Byrer Wharton

Sworn Enemy
The Beginning of the End
Abacus
Street: 01.24

Sworn Enemy = Hatebreed + Sick of It All + Madball + Slayer + God Forbid

The title of Sworn Enemy's latest album doesn't quite suite the future for the band. The group first released an EP on Jamey Jasta of Hatebreed's Stillborn label, leading them to a deal with Elektra, thus providing their first full-length which for the most part was standard metalcore. Making leaps and bounds, Sworn Enemy has put forth an album that is most definitely worth a shit. The difference in songwriting and playing

on *The Beginning of the End* is miles above their past effort. Riffing and leads plow through the eardrum. Embodying the spirit of the NY hardcore scene, Sworn Enemy are in a world of their own with this album. Congrats to the band for making a total turnaround. –Byrer Wharton

T. Duggins
Undone
Thick

Street: 01.10
T. Duggins = The Tossers – The Dropkick Murphys + The Cheftains + Shane MacGowen

Anyone in the know about their Irish folk-punk would know T. Duggins' thick Chicago/Irish brogue from Duggins' usual running mates The Tossers, but he's stepped out on his own for this record. Although his fellow band members accompany him, Duggins has truly stepped outside of what The Tossers have been doing. Leaving the punk side of things at home, Duggins shows his love of traditional Irish folk, with songs like "I Wish I Was Back in Liverpool," and "Jimmy Wilson." He also sports his love for his hometown on "The City of Chicago." This record might just get some of those punk kids to listen to actual Irish folk instead of just a punk band with bagpipes. –James Orme

Tom Ze
Estuando O Pagode
Luaka Bop Records
Street: 2.3

Tom Ze = Barney sing along songs + Menudo + Talking Heads

Este é um álbum grande se você falar Português. Entretanto, se você gostar do hop do hip, não compre este álbum. Tom Ze "traz alguns sons à tábua de que eu me tenho ouvido nunca antes. Transcende o "polka precedente" que soa notas influenciadas espanholas e era realmente duro escutar. Vocais fêmeas lançados elevados no alto circo-como de laços das guitarras, dos moracaa, e de um slough de outros instrumentos. *Estuando O Pagode* foi nomeado aparentemente para um Grammy este ano e eu posso respeitar aquele. Tom Ze "tem definitivamente que "vantagem da corte home" com esta. Veio também com uma chave do estudo para o pagoda (eu suponho que é uma ópera). Merda! Eu sinto como se eu não posso dar a este c.d. uma revisão "real" porque eu não posso compreender que qualquer coisa que estão dizendo. Assim, é desequilíbrio ou dominância? Um processo, ou um único momento surreal da música? O que quer que é, é diferente. –Lance Saunders

DVD Reviews

9 Songs
Directed by Michael Winterbottom
Tartan Video
Street: 11.22.05

Remember that perfect summer fling from a few years back? You saw lots of concerts, had debilitating, wonderful sex during every waking hour, snorted drugs and dawdled around the house all day in your birthday suit without a care in the world. It was so great, but lacked something ... ah, substance.

24 Hour Party People director Michael Winterbottom took this premise and made a film just as empty as the aforementioned relationship. Sure, we see lots of explicit sex (from penetration to oral to a money shot) and concert footage from otherwise great bands (*The Dandy Warhols*, *The Von Bondies*, *Black Rebel Motorcycle Club* and the token "classical" guy, *Michael Nyman*), but there isn't much beyond that – in fact, the sex scenes get a little boring after the first few times, and the band performances are nothing special. The dialogue in between consists of awkward responses between Matt (Kieran O'Brien) and Lisa (Margot Stille) such as, "Do you think we'll always use condoms?" and "Want to do a line before we go out?" Yeah, it's supposed to be symbolic of their youth, freedom and tenuous togetherness (he's English with a job as a glaciologist; she's an American student in the UK). However, the metaphors are too pointed, clichéd

and forced (i.e. the characters always engage in face-to-face sexual positions; Lisa is suddenly upset about sugar in her tea); O'Brien's narrated discussion about the Antarctic being like a relationship only reinforces their heavy-handed nature.

Despite the director's intent to portray the intimate life of your average young sex-addled couple, the lack of character depth combined with the breezy plot results in a lackluster event not worth your 69 minutes (yes, clever...I get it). –D motherfuckin' Madden

Audio Visual Bomb Shelter DVD
Culturama 666 Vol.2

"Put together" by Awol One and Peter Agoston
Awol One has his hands in almost everything when it comes to the underground hip-hop globe of responsibility and (more action than just talk) work. Responsible for exposing countless artists, *Culturama* and Audio Visual Bomb Shelter has continued their self-proclaimed tradition with the second installment of "dare and dope" videos from artists like *The Shape Shifters*, *Subtle Visionaries*, *Abstract Rude*, *Busdriver*, *Josh Martinez*, *Opio & Pep Love*, *Pigeon John*, *Masta Killa* and *Radioinactive*, just to name a few. The production of each video ranges from highly experimental with a "new genres" sort of tip, to plain hi-8 rapping-in-front-of-the-camera type video, to downright amazing animation. It's all pretty much a collection of videos by artists that influence the underground hip-hop culture today in America. Anyone who enjoys listening to underground hip-hop can relate when I say it's funny; you can listen to an artist for years and not even know what he/she looks like. Now, with this video, you can put the face to the voice. –Lance Saunders

Body Count
Live in L.A. DVD
Escapi Music
Street: 11.18

Body Count = Ice-T + metal mayhem
Notorious for 1992's *Body Count* album ending with the ever-so-controversial song "Cop Killer," Ice-T and Co. began Body Count to be a metal band, not rap/rock – the concept wasn't even invented at the time. Ice-T and Body Count's original members, *Ernie C.*, *Beastmaster V*, *Mooseman* and *D-Roc* paved the path to become a highly influential band. Flash forward to 2005. With a slightly new line-up due to tragic deaths of the original members, the band has released a preemptive live DVD to be followed by a new studio album. The show, recorded at L.A.'s *Troubadour*, showcases the band's new talent, as well as the insane playing of guitarist Ernie C. and an energetic showcase from Ice-T. Altogether, the DVD captures the spirit of the band – Body Count is back and in the house. –Byrer Wharton

Loyalty and Respect
Quanie Cash Film DVD
Quanie Cash Productions

Here at SLUG, we don't get too many hip-hop related DVDs. However, when we do, they come by the truckload. Many mainstream rappers with nothing else to do with their royalties have been writing, directing, producing and starring in films, whether they are big Hollywood productions or low-budget slum stories.

Loyalty and Respect is a slightly contradictory title, seeming that the whole movie was about disloyalty and disrespect. It's the ghetto life cliché all over again! A drug dealer (C.E.O.) with a good life loses it all due to a friend (*Quanie Cash*) driven by jealousy (I know, edge-of-your-seat drama and suspense). So, Quanie gets C.E.O. framed and takes over his empire and family in a pre-school field trip sort of way. No one is to be trusted and Quanie eventually ends up in prison. The last scene of the movie involves Quanie stating, "I'll be back, motha-fucka!" ...The End. I laughed, I cried (from laughing so hard), then I laughed again. Apparently Nashville, Tennessee (a.k.a. Cashville) is a Mecca of drug lords and hardcore hustlers who kill or get killed. Oh, even the police have platinum teeth ... I liked that part a lot. This movie has everything for the bling in all of us; people, gesture, moments, computer-generated fifty-dollar bills floating through the air, 20 minute scenes involving gangsters driving in their hoopy rides, bits of rapture, fleeting emotion! In short: The greatest story ever told. –Lance Saunders





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Death By Salt II

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(a private club for members)
March 4 @ *The Ritz* (all-ages)

Do you remember the "good ol' days" when men where men and punk rock was, well ... not what it is today, that's for sure! Well we want to remember the good ol' days too, and we are asking if anyone has any of the old *SLUG Mag* comps from the late 80s early 90s. If you do we would love to get a copy of them! Please give the *SLUG Mag* offices a call at 801.487.9221

SLUG Action Sports Night

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Circle Lounge (A Private Club For Members).
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Got a scar and a story? I'm looking for scarred models for a photography project. If you're interested, contact John at 801.913.2257 or johnC@Xmission.com.

Always wanted a radio show but not the 3AM time-slot? Or maybe you had your own radio show, but got kicked off the air for playing a song with "fuck" in it? *SLUG Mag* Podcasters wanted.
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SLUG MAG PRESENTS: JUNK SHOW FEB 11
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Thu - 09 Great American Taxi
(Vince Herman of Leftover
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Fri March 3 - SLUG MAG's
17th Anniversary Party &
Death By Salt CD Release
Feat. Andle, The Horns &
Form Of Rocket.

Feb- 10
Rockabilly Night W/ Shane
Davis

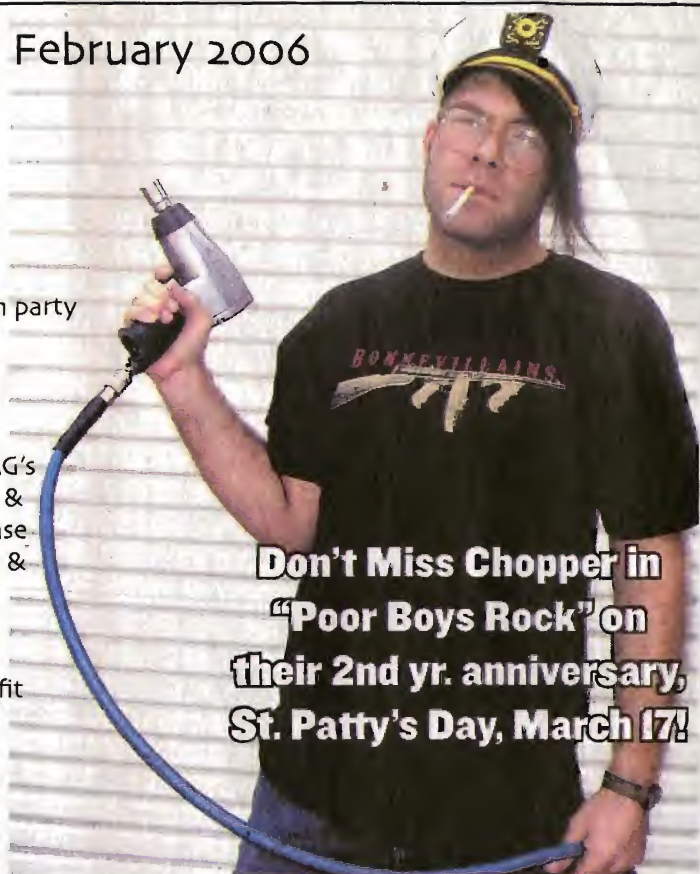
Sat Mar 11-
Shriners Hospital Benefit
Masquerade Bal

Sat - 11 Pigeon John with
Louis Logic

Thu Mar 16 -
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February 2006



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Brian Head Resort

THE ONLY FEBRUARY COMPS WORTH A DAMN

By Zed Speed

With contests popping up every weekend at almost every resort, entering them can be a very expensive habit. Besides the price, if the prizes aren't good enough, they can be a total waste of time. Who wants to enter a comp, take first place and then walk away with nothing but a title after you blew 40 bucks? Come on folks, we enter the shit for the swag, the boards and the outerwear. In my humble opinion, I present to you, this month's comps that are worth a damn.

Contest: SLUG GAMES' Junk Show presented by SLUG Mag

Date: February 11

Where: Brighton Resort

Of course I'm gonna list this one. What the hell do you think you're reading? This is SLUG's second year running this contest (six years running the SLUG GAMES series) and the only Brighton comp to be held on Millicent. Last year's course included tires, a Red Bull missile, heavy metal desks from the SLUG Mag office, a fridge and other random obstacles. This year's junk jibs are still under wraps so you'll have to come-up, day-of, in order to experience the fucking shit. Remember, these features are temporary-meaning once the Junk Show is over, so is the course. Contest is \$25 if you have a season pass, \$35 if you don't. For more info call SLUG at 801.487.9221.

Contest: Crew Challenge

Date: February 25

Where: Brian Head Resort, Southern Utah.

The contest consists of teams made from three/four people. Categories are typical ... men's, women's, skiers and snowboarders. Co-ed teams will be allowed, but they must compete in the men's category. The format is slopestyle plus a rail jam. Each team will get two slopestyle runs; judges will take the top two scores from each team. The rail jam is set up on three rails/boxes and each team will take the top two scores from that session. The combined score of both the slopestyle and rail jam will produce the final score. There will be a cash prize of an undisclosed amount for first and second place team winners in each category. All other teams will be entered into a prize raffle of snowboards, goggles, etc. This way, a team that ends in last place still has a shot at winning a dope prize like a snowboard. This is the first time Brian Head Resort has attempted to pull off a comp like this on their own and the park crew has high hopes of turning it into an annual comp. It's nice to see resorts like Brian Head finally stepping it up, investing in the beginnings of a killer park. Entry fee: \$60 per team if pre-registered, \$80 the day of. Lift tickets will need to be purchased separately at half-price for \$20. For more information checkout the resort at www.brianhead.com

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SLUG GAMES' Junk Show

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Photo: Bob Plumb

Register @ Millicent Chalet 8am day of contest. \$25 w/ Season Pass \$35 w/out. Comp starts at 10am. Skiers welcome. Men & Women's divisions; 16- / 17+ / Open. Helmets Required. Q? Call 801.487.9221



Tim Ronan/Switch Frontboard
Photo: Bob Plumb/ Slug Mag



Bode Merrill/ Backlip
Photo: Bob Plumb/ SLUG Mag

How to Make a Hair Hat!

By mike brown

mikebrown048@hotmail.com

The other day I was trying to explain to my girlfriend and a girl from work how to make a hair hat. I forget how the subject came up at the time, due to moderate beer intake and a hefty amount of schedule-2 drugs messing with my storytelling capabilities.

But they had no idea what a hair hat was or how to make one. How weird. I thought everyone knew what a hair hat was. I suppose I was wrong.

Anyway, a hair hat is kind of like a wig, but better! Before I get too far into describing the process of hair hat construction, I should probably start at the roots. No pun intended.

Well, obviously, you need hair to make a hair hat. I suppose you could steal some from some person with long hair while they are asleep. Although that's funny, it's also kind of mean, and I'm rarely around people with long hair who happen to be asleep. So I grew my own hair out for my hair hat.

I'm pretty good at growing hair, with the exception of a mustache. God, what I wouldn't give to be able to grow a wicked **Burt Reynolds!** I could tell chicks it's my 'womb-broom' and I'm here to clean up the place. But no, for some reason, I can only grow hair on my head, chin and cheeks (and my nipple hair is out of control). My chest isn't very hairy, so my friend Paul says that it looks like someone smashed daddy-longlegs spiders into my nipples. It actually looks pretty weird. If you run into me and kindly ask to see my nipple hair, I'll gladly show you. My out-of-control nipple hair is also the reason why I never take my shirt off while skateboarding. All my other friends can, but when I take my shirt off, they just think I'm trying to be gross. Oh well.

The reason why I'm so good at growing hair on my head is because I hate haircuts. Maybe I had a traumatizing experience with haircuts when I was a little kid or something, but for some reason, I just fucking hate them. Any way you cut it (bad pun), when you're getting your hair cut, you're screwed.

You have few options. One: You can be cheap and go to the four-dollar haircut place and be guaranteed a bad haircut.

Two: You can be like my six-year-old niece and cut your own hair and have your head look as if a drunk shogun-ninja mistook your head for a fascist Russian (or whomever shogun ninjas fight, I honestly don't know. I'll bet you don't either though). Remember how pissed your parents would get at you when you were a little kid and you tried to cut your own hair? They weren't mad because you were playing with something sharp, they were mad because you ended up looking like shit.

Three: You can spend a bunch of money and have some light-in-the-loafers lover-boy cut it how you should look, but it's still not how you want to look.

Four: You can go to **Super Cuts** and get your hair cut like a lot of normal people do, but you have to wait forever behind some stupid mom who makes her stupid kids get the same crappy hair cut all at the same time. And when it's your turn, the girl cutting your hair (who wasn't good enough to cut hair at some snappy salon) is trying to make small talk with you, and all you can think about is how she's going to let her gum fall out

of her mouth into your hair, and how you told her that you don't want to look like every other trendy douche-bag with a faux-hawk, but she's going to anyway because that's all she knows how to do.

Five: You can go to **Bikini Cuts** and hope that one of the swimsuit-covered boobs accidentally touches your head while you're getting trimmed. Also, while you're there, you can close your eyes and pretend that the hair dryer is really the girl who wasn't good enough to cut hair at Super Cuts, whispering sweet somethings in your ear. I hate that place. Mostly because my stepbrother is part-owner of that joint, and I think he's a retard. Ever since he started financing that place, his haircuts have really gone downhill. He's mostly settling for flat-tops these days, which seems ironic, because most of the girls working at Bikini Cuts have un-flat tops. What a life they must have – stripper by night, Bikini-Cuts guru by day.

Thank you, crystal meth.

The best option is to do what I did: let your hair grow pretty long and then make a hair hat. I have tried the first four options mentioned above, and not one of them has really worked for me. So here's how it goes.

Step one: Grow your hair out.

Step two: Cut it all off.

Step three: Save it. Fuck those kids who have cancer and need wigs. They're not fooling anyone. I know they have cancer; like wearing a shitty wig with my old hair is going to make me think that they don't have cancer? Seriously, who are they trying to fool? I tried to sell some of my old long hair once, 'cause I heard you could get good money for it, but the girl at the salon tried to guilt-trip me into donating it to cancer kids. Fuck her and fuck them.

Step four: Get a hat. It can be any kind of hat. I used an old beanie that I used to snowboard in, and it worked just fine.

Step four: Get some adhesives. I find that duct tape works pretty good. So do glue sticks.

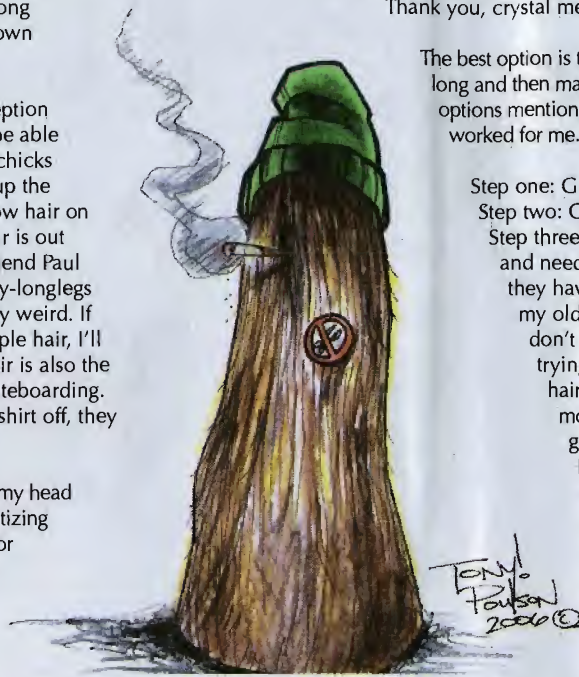
Step five: Glue/tape your old, cut hair to the inside of the hat. When you wear the hat, no one will know that

you got your hair cut.

Step six: (This step is optional.) The hair hat works best if you don't tell anyone that you got your hair cut. That's what I did. If you surprise the people you want to share the hair hat with, the whole experience will be much more fulfilling. I took my hair hat off in the middle of a **Fucktards** set (my awesome band), and it surprised the shit out of people who associated Mike Brown with long hair.

That's pretty much it.

After I told my girlfriend about the hair hat, she said that she thought it was real gross. I don't know why. My friend Dan did a much grosser thing with hair. He got his hands on a button-maker machine and would make all sorts of buttons. One of his favorite buttons to make was with his own pubic hair. Yup, he would laminate his pubic hair in button fashion so you could pin it on your favorite denim jacket, next to your **Strokes** button you bought at **Hot Topic** for \$5.99. My friend Joe used to always wear his **Dan Rose Pubic Button** with pride. See, you would not actually touch Dan's pubes if they were entrapped within the laminates of a button. So, I guess it wasn't really that gross. **SMUG**



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Contest
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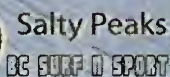
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Did you know that drug companies are keeping low-cost, life-saving drugs from the millions dying of AIDS in Africa? Are you aware that strains of mad-cow disease are in the US, or that some of the biggest banks in the world turn a blind eye to money laundering? *Everything You Know is Wrong* uncovers all the lies and the things that the mainstream media aren't telling us. The book includes investigative journalism pieces from **Greg Palast**, who broke the stories of how **Enron** cheated, lied and swindled its way into an energy monopoly, and groundbreaking stories about **Wal-Mart**. **Palast** has also won multiple awards for his progressive and investigative journalism. The book reveals things about our world that the average person wouldn't know, like the US having prior knowledge of terrorist plans on September 11. This book also includes parts of history that have been simply forgotten by the average history textbook, such as the **Ludlow Massacre**, as told by historian **Howard Zinn**, author of the *Zinn Reader* and *A People's History of the United States of America*. If you are a fan of **Michael Moore's Fahrenheit 9/11** and its attempts to uncover the truth, then you will appreciate this book, but there are far-left biases and liberal views. By the time I finished it, I was skeptical of everything I had ever read in a newspaper or seen on TV. -Jeanette Moses

TV A-Go-Go: Rock On TV from American Bandstand to American Idol

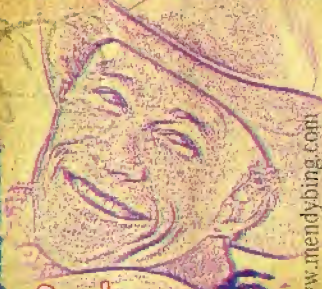
Jake Austen

Chicago Review Press

Jake Austen is the editor of *Roctober* magazine, one of the most thoroughly researched and well put-together magazines out there (not to mention totally underrated). Austen clearly grew up watching way too much television and didn't seem to bother heeding his mother's warnings that it would rot his brain. Putting all those "wasted" hours to use, he decided to write a book. *TV A-Go-Go* cleverly combines all of his trivial pop-culture knowledge and his obsession with pure, honest rock n'roll by documenting rock's life on the small screen. The book starts off with **Bo Diddley** stirring things up on the *Ed Sullivan Show* and deftly takes off from there. Through his unique perspective, he definitely puts an interesting slant on things, managing to throw a few curve-balls that I didn't expect - such as his defense of **The Monkees** as a real band because of their having an actual fan-base. Also included is a chapter devoted to **Michael Jackson's** entire life being documented for the world to see, an examination of the strange phenomenon that was **William Hung**, the misunderstood early years of punk rock as portrayed on TV police shows and more. It's books like this that spark conversations among music nerds the world over. -Jared Soper

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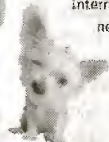


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Katya is a flash of color, double veils and inventive props, creative choreography, and one of the most supportive and likeable people in our belly dance community for over 25 years. I can always feel the sheer joy of the dance, when Katya is on stage, whether in a troupe or solo. She was introduced to Middle Eastern dance accidentally in France, where she stumbled upon a performance in an Algerian restaurant.

The dancing looked like so much fun! I knew I wanted to find a way to do that. I had always wanted to dance, but because I am a big girl, I felt awkward and uncomfortable when I tried. Belly dancing was wonderful because you didn't need a partner and it is for people of all ages and sizes.

Katya has studied dance with several of the wonderful teachers in Salt Lake, taking advantage of the talent that is here. Presently she studies with Thia, is a member of Thia's Troupe Ambrosia, and is also a member, co-choreographer, and co-costumer of the Whirlwinds of Broglia. She performs regularly at the local festivals, Open Dance at Grecian Gardens, and at Café Med. She sews her own costumes, as well as for able to create patterns is from belly Whirlwinds consistently costuming, choreography, others. Being costumes without "another gift" dancing. The troupe shows up with very clever inventive and an absolute dancing that is delight of undeniable.



I love other dancing every time. In my life I to keep me from Through belly dancing I discovered that I am a dancer and I am beautiful. As a woman, belly dancing has helped me feel more comfortable in my body, and helps me stay healthy and feeling good. Belly dancing has given me so much confidence, and this feeling flows over into all aspects of my life. It is a true gift.

Sometimes, after I have danced, women have come up to me to tell me that my performance has given them the courage to try new things despite their own challenges with weight and body image. I love that by being who I am, I can influence other women to be who they are. This dance is for all people, all shapes, all sizes.

I, myself, have been totally influenced by the dancers in Salt Lake, whether I have studied with them or not. The caliber of dance here is very high and that improves the image of belly dancing in the larger community.

Long ago dance was performed as a religious ceremony. Belly dance was formulated during that era. When I dance I feel this. Dance for me is a celebration of life and what brings me joy.

Catch Katya's dancing at the Spring Belly Dance Fest on March 4, Utah Fairgrounds, Thia's June Show, at Open Dance at the Grecian Gardens, and every Thursday at Café Med.

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February Daily Calendar

submissions due by the 25th of previous month
info @slugmag.com

Thursday, February 2

The Firm - Zanzibar

Friday, February 3

Pick up the new issue of SLUG
- anyplace cool!

In Flames, Trivium, DevilDriver,
Zao - SaltAir
Melissa Pace - Zanzibar
Sindolor, Rip Chain, Anubis - Club Vegas
The Show is the Rainbow, The
Hotness, Chaz Prymek, - Kilby Court
Rodeo Boys - Monks

Saturday, February 4

Los Lobos - The Depot
Bayside, Punchline, The Junior
Varsity - Club Ice
Bump - Zanzibar
31 Knots, What People?, Fleet
Streak, the Awkward Fashion
- Kilby Court
Shades of Gray - Tony's
Harry Lee, Backalley - Pat's BBQ
Pat Carter's birthday w/ Thunderfist - Ego's

Sunday, February 5

Bradley Hathaway, TaughtMe,
Swans of Never - Kilby Court
The Owls - Monks

Monday, February 6

Mute Math, Veda, The Annuals
- Kilby Court

Tuesday, February 7

Souls of Mischief, Bukue One
- Urban Lounge
Rosehill Drive, JW Blackout - Ego's
Central Merre- Liquid Joe's

Wednesday, February 8

The Audition - Avalon Theatre
Neal Cassidy's 80th Birthday
Celebration - Ken Sanders Rare Books
Hell Within, War of Ages - Club
Boom Va
Danny Kid, Cabaret Voltage
- Urban Lounge

Thursday, February 9

Streetlight Silhouette, When
Frequencies Collapse, A Fragile
Shade, Remember The Tragedy
- Club Ritz
Free Peoples - Urban Lounge
Great American Taxi (featuring Vince
Herman of Leftover Salmon) - Ego's
Packard's B-day Party- The Spot

Friday, February 10

Latin Jazz with Ricardo Romero
- Zanzibar
Afro Omega - Monks
Time and Distance, the Lethal

West, Remember the Tragedy
- Kilby Court
Bad Luck Blues Band - Pat's BBQ
Sabrina and the Cradle Robbers,
Lesser Basin, Bad Grass - Burts

Saturday, February 11

Christian Perry Jazz Quartet
- Zanzibar
Charlemagne, Some By Sea, Love
Runner - Kilby Court
The Body - Tony's
Jeff Lawrence Group - Pat's BBQ
Pigeon John, Louis Logic - Ego's
MindState-Bloswick - Urban Lounge
Some dude's birthday bash w/
Wormhole - Todd's

Sunday, February 12

One Five & Crack Whore - Monks

Monday, February 13

Beneath Redrocks, End To October,
Millicent - Club Ritz
Mi and L'au, Born Heller w/ Josephine
Foster, Dragon - Urban Lounge

Tuesday, February 14

Valentines Day Bash w/ Melissa
Pace - Zanzibar
Jeff Hanson, Southerly, Jake Garcia
- Kilby Court
All Systems Fail, Loiter Cognition
- Club Ritz
Happy Valentines Day, Losers- The
Slitted Wrist

Wednesday, February 15

Reggie and the Full Effect,
Fluxuation, Common Denominator
- Kilby Court
Wheatus, Correta Scott, The Milan
Conference - Club Boom Va

Thursday, February 16

Karaoke - Burt's
SLUG Mag's Action Sports Night-
Circle Lounge

Friday, February 17

Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention
- Salt Palace
Relient K, The Rocket Summer,
Maxine - In the Venue
Every Move a Picture - Urban Lounge
Everlong Photography w/ musical guests
The Happies - Cue Media Gallery
Salt City Bandits & Invisible Rays
- Monks
My Silent Goodbye, Lighting
in Alaska, The Recovery, Basic
Accomplishment - Kilby Court
The Kap Brothers Band - Pat's BBQ
Guru (of Jazzmatazz), The Body
- Urban Lounge

Saturday, February 18

Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention
- Salt Palace
Less than Jake, Rock and Roll
Soldiers, A Wilhelm Scream,
Damone - In the Venue
Big Business, Form of Rocket,
Black Hole - Kilby Court
Blues on First - Zanzibar
The Skirt Chasers, The Utah County
Swillers, Salt Town Greasers
- Burts Tiki Lounge
Phono CD Release, Violet Run
- Urban Lounge
Stutterfly, Lorene Drive, Clifton,
Coretta Scott, Her Candane,
Destroy the Runner - Club Boom Va
Andrew Goldring & R.P.C - Pat's BBQ

Sunday, February 19

Salt Lake City Tattoo Convention
- Salt Palace
The Heaters, Starmy, & Trash
Models - Monks
Tattoo Convention Bash - Zanzibar
Joseph Israel & Jerusalem - Urban Lounge
The Giraffes - Ego's

Monday, February 20

Mest, Allister, Scary Kids Scaring
Kids, The Classic Crime - In the Venue
The Secret Handshake - Club Ritz
Reggae Lounge - Monks
Jake Dreier & The Pacemakers - Pat's
Bus Driver, Traylock - Urban Lounge

Tuesday, February 21

Aceyalone, Swollen Members,
Sweatshop Union, Deadbeat
- Urban Lounge
The Toasters, Westbound Train,
Satori - Avalon Theatre

Wednesday, February 22

Motion City Soundtrack, OK Go,
Plain White T's, The Spill Canvas
- Avalon Theatre
Haste the Day, The Jonbenets, Lost
in the Fire, Chaldeon, Maqsood
- Club Boom Va
Shat - Burts

Thursday, February 23

Drag the River, Sweatin' Willy, The
Utah County Swillers
- Burts Tiki Lounge

Friday, February 24

Blackhole, Subrosa, Medic - Burts
Tiki Lounge
Rek Center Allstars - Monks
The B B G Band - Pat's BBQ
Books About UFO's, Red Bennies,
Starmy, Killer Brownies - Kilby Court

utahhiphop.com party - Ego's

Saturday, February 25

Straight No Chaser - Zanzibar
Through the Eyes of the Dead, Ed
Gein, Kohait, Animosity, And the
Hero Falls, The Number 12 Looks
Like You - Club Boom Va
Jeff Phillips Trio - Tony's
AWOL One featuring D-Styles,
Daddy Kev, Bloswick
- Urban Lounge
The Sister Wives - Pat's BBQ
Amber Pacific, Larusso, Remember
the Tragedy - Kilby Court
JW Blackout - Ego's
Sunday, February 26
Swearing at Motorists, Sikemma
- Kilby Court
Serona Vei, Pleasure Thieves - Monks

Monday, February 27

Low - In the Venue
Grayskul, Barfly, Coley Cole, Dim
Mak - Urban Lounge
Early Man, Priestess and the Sword
- LoFi
The Warriors, XdeathstarX,
Blacklisted, Embrace the End,
Winds of Plague, Xtime for
changeX - Club Overdrive
Armor for Sleep, Boys Night Out,
Chiodos, Action Reaction
- Avalon Theatre
Matt Pond PA, Dios Malos,
Augustana - In the Venue
Aftermath of A Train Wreck,
XReign of TerrorX, Cherum
- Club Ritz
Eyes of Fire, LOSA, Funeral Eyes
for a Marionette - Club Boom Va

Tuesday, February 28

Appleseed Cast, Chris McFarland
- Kilby Court

Wednesday, March 1

Laundry- Your Parent's house

Thursday March 2

Band Practice- 4th Street

Friday March 3

Pick up the new SLUG- Any place
cool
SLUG's 17th Anniversary Party
feat. the release of Death By Salt
!!! Andle, The Horns, Form of
Rocket- Ego's

Saturday March 4

SLUG's 17th Anniversary Party
feat. the release of Death By Salt
!!! Agape, Tolchok Trio, The Vile
Blue Shades- In The Venue

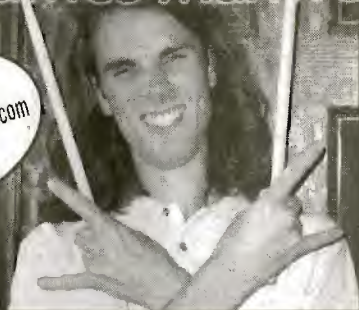
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Mental Health JAN/FEB 06

31st MY AMERICAN HEART-VERSUS THE MIRROR
PORTUGAL, THE MAN-THE MILAN CONFERENCE-ALLRED

1st THE BRIGGS-TBA

4th GAZA-CHALDEON-LOST IN THE FIRE
MAQSOOD-BEYOND GODS EYES

8th HELL WITHIN-WAR OF AGES
KENTUCKY SCANDAL-OFFERED NO ESCAPE
LOITER COGNITION-EVERY DAY AT SINAI

15th WHEATUS (TEENAGE DIRTBAG)
MILAN CONFERENCE-TBA

18th STUTTERFLY-LORENE DRIVE-CLIFTON
CORETTA SCOTT-HER CANDANE
DESTROY THE RUNNER (DIE LIKE ME)

22nd HASTE THE DAY-THE JONBENETS
LOST IN THE FIRE-CHALDEON-MAQSOOD

25th THROUGH THE EYES OF THE DEAD
ED GEIN-KOHAI-ANIMOSITY
AND THE HERO FAILS-THE NUMBER-12 LOOKS LIKE YOU

27th EYES OF FIRE-LOSA
FUNERAL EYES FOR A MARIONETTE

\$2 DOLLAR TUESDAYS - LOCAL SHOWCASE

club Boom va

24
HOURS

Corner of 27th and Washington Blvd, Ogden ALL AGES

SLUG GAMES 2006

Amateur Contest Series



PRESENTED BY:



slug

SKIERS WELCOME

Brighton Resort

Feb 11

March 11

April 1

Brian Head Resort

March 25

J-Dubs, Corked 3 Photo: Bob Plumb

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Kilby Court Calendar for February 2006

- 
- 03** - The Show is the Rainbow, Chaz Prymek, The Awkward Fashion, Johnny Tightlips - \$6
04 - 31 Knots, What People?, Fleet Streak, Niobion - \$6
05 - Bradley Hathaway, Terminal, Taught Me, Skans of Never - \$6
06 - Mute Math, Vedara, The Annuals - \$8
10 - The Lethal West, Remember the Tragedy, Throwing Randy - \$6
11 - Charlemagne, Some by Sea, Love Runner, Raising Venus - \$6
14 - Jeff Hanson, Southerly, Jake Garcia, James Miska
15 - The Reggie Show with Reggie and the Full Effect

- 16** - Plastic Crime Wave - \$6
17 - My Silent Goodbye, Lightning in Alaska, Recovery, Basic Accomplishment
18 - Big Business, Form of Rocket, Black Hole - \$8
24 - Books About UFOs, Red Bennies, Starmy, The killer Brownies - \$6
25 - Amber Pacific, Larusso
26 - Swearing at Motorists, Sikemma, Live it upswet - \$8
28 - Appleseed Cast, Chris McFarland, Declaration - \$8
 March...
04 - Voxtro, **10** - Get Set Go, **13** - The Nethers, **14** - Painted Saints, **22** - The Velvet Teen, **24** - The Black Swans (and much more)

Kilby Court is all ages! Located at 741 South 330 West in SLC. Tickets available at www.24tix.com Shows begin at 7:30 pm

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Superbowl Sunday
96" Big Screen

Wednesday
Karaoke!
\$1 Domestic Drafts

Thursday & Friday
Piano Stylings By
Dave Compton!

Saturday
4th- Shades of Gray
11th- The Body
18th- Synthesis
25th- Jeff Phillips Trio

*Valentine's Day
Special*



*Dinner For Two
& Champagne
Only \$20*

Sunday
Oldies Night!
\$2.50
Spaghetti
Dinner!

Mondays
Retro Night!
\$1 Domestic Drafts
\$1.50 Well Drinks
25 Cent Wings!

Tuesdays
Open Mic- Come Show Off!
\$5 Domestic Pitchers
FREE POOL

The word "SLUG" is written in large, white, blocky letters with a thick blue outline. It is set against a light blue background. Several small, stylized yellow and black bees are flying around the letters. A red heart is positioned to the upper right of the word.

Featuring the
CD release of
DEATH BY SALT II



Seventeen

Celebrate year 17
with us.

Friday, March 3 at 9 p.m. \$5
Ego's (A Private Club for Members)
668 South State (21 & Over)
**Andle, The Horns,
Form of Rocket
I Am Electric**

Saturday, March 4 at 6 p.m.
In The Venue 579 West 200 South
Early Show! Doors at 5 p.m. Only \$5!
**Agape, Tolcholk Trio,
The Vile Blue Shades**

GOOD TIMES
tattoo

in
collaboration
w/

Hart & Huntington

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live music & contest give a ways.

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new transit direction

dj merril/ evaline

dirtball/ chucky styles

Cary Hart w/ the cast & crew of A&E's

reality television show **Inked**

10

10:30pm

600w 200s



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